

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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ROSES.

The roses, nay I love them not,
They only bring to me
Sad thoughts that waken in my heart
A bitter memory.

I loved her as a man can love
But once — and even yet,
Though I have learned how to forgive,
'Tis harder to forget.

Since then the summer sun has shone
Full oft o'er hill and plain;
For me no sun can ever make
This earth so bright again.

I've seen the roses bloom and fade
Full oft since then, but they
Will never look the same to me
Until my dying day.

The white rose had a purer tint,
The red a deeper glow,
They breathed a sweeter perfume then —
Ah me, how long ago!

I love them not, they but recall
All that I would forget, —
A faithless woman whom I loved,
And whom I must love yet.

When summer roses die no more,
When life knows no regret,
When summer sunshine fades no more,
Then, then I may forget.

Tinsley's Magazine.

A MUSICAL BOX.

Sue's perfect to whirl with in a waltz;
And her shoulders show well on a soft divan,
As she lounges at night and spreads her silks,
And plays with her bracelets and flirts her fan.

Her duty this Christian never omits!
She makes her calls, and she leaves her cards,
And enchants a circle of half-fledged wits
And slim *attachés* and six-foot guards.

Is this the thing for a mother or wife?
Could love ever grow on such barren rocks?
Is this a companion to take for a wife?
One might as well marry a musical box.

You exhaust in a day her full extent;
'Tis the same little tinkle of tunes always;
You must wind her up with a compliment,
To be bored with the only airs she plays.

W. W. Story.

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

The rose has faded from thy cheek,
And furrow'd is thy brow;
Thy sparkling eyes, that seemed to speak,
Are dull and heavy now.
The locks on thy beloved head,
That once were like to golden thread,
Are white as winter snow:
Yet is my love for thee not dead,
My love of long ago.

I too am old, but at thy voice
I burn with youthful fire;
Its music makes my heart rejoice,
And throb with fierce desire.
Its tones seem echoes of the time
When we were both in life's glad prime, —
Sweet sounds, though faint and low,
Like some far-distant wedding chime, —
My love of long ago.

Tinsley's Magazine.

THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame,
So terrible alive,
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind, became
The wandering wild bees' hive;
And he, who lone and naked-handed tore
Those jaws of death apart,
In after time drew forth their honeyed store
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend; but it only slept
To wake beneath our sky;
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason crept
Back to its lair to die,
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain
boulders,
A stained and shattered drum
Is now the hive, where, on their flowery rounds,
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,
They wander wide and far,
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and shell,
Through vales once choked with war,
The low reveillé of their battle drum
Disturbs no morning prayer;
With deeper peace in summer noons their hum
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day, —
Of sweetness from the strong,
Of union, peace and freedom plucked away
From the rent jaws of wrong.
From Treason's death we drew a purer life,
As, from the beast he slew,
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife
The old-time athlete drew!

Independent.

From The Edinburgh Review.
COUNT BISMARCK.

If we have placed these two books at the head of this article, it is certainly not for their intrinsic value. Herr Hesekei, whose work assumes the arrogant title of "*The book*" of Count Bismarck, is a penny-a-liner of the *Kreuzzeitung* persuasion, writing novels, articles, and feuilletons, with prodigious fertility, to prove the divine right of that party, small but once powerful by court intrigue. The tendency of his book is to show that Count Bismarck even in his more recent changes has ever remained faithful to his original feudal tenets. Its composition is loose, spiced with numerous anecdotes of doubtful interest, and with many personal digressions of indubitable dulness, as for instance, the author's excursion to Count Bismarck's estate of Schoenhause, where he goes into raptures at the "historic impression of eating strawberries from Bismarck's garden in Bismarck's library." If we add that the illustrations by which the editor has sought to make up for the author's want of literary merit are vulgar and commonplace, we may fairly say that a more wretched piece of book-making has scarcely appeared in recent biographical literature. The only things of interest in these pages (but they do not come from Herr Hesekei) are certain confidential letters of Bismarck which throw a curious light on his character, although we are at a loss to understand how he could communicate documents of such importance to such a biographer.

The second work is of a very different type. Herr Bamberger is a German Liberal, who, after the events of 1848, was obliged to leave his country, and won an honorable position in Paris as a banker. Like many of his countrymen living in foreign lands, he felt most bitterly that Germany as a nation was powerless by her divisions, and therefore hailed with joy the establishment of a strong Prussia. Sitting for Mayence in the Customs Parliament, he has now tried to explain to the French people the character of the statesman by whom this great change has been wrought. We think his appreciation will be found correct in the main. He admires his hero, but is too unprejudiced to see in him the model of a national Minister. He winds up his little book by saying that Bismarck, notwithstanding the elasticity of his mind, will always disappoint those who flatter themselves that he can be anything but an aristocrat, using

the cause of progress not for *liberal* but for *political* objects. The sketch which the author has drawn may therefore serve to render Bismarck's figure more familiar to the French people, but it is superficial; and whosoever has taken the trouble to watch the course of political events in Germany in the last few years will scarcely learn anything from it.

We do not dispute the difficulty of writing the biography of a man who stands in the vortex of public affairs, and who is engaged in a great political experiment on the ultimate success of which opinion is still much divided. The difficulty is the greater, when we have to deal with a statesman, who, tried by the test of principle, has been singularly inconsistent in his conduct and opinions. In trying to give an outline of the character and career of this remarkable man, who, however he may be judged by posterity, has stamped his name in indelible characters on the history of our time, we do not presume to explain everything, still less to be initiated in the arcana of his secret designs. We shall simply endeavour to tell as much as is possible according to our present knowledge, and to weigh his merits unbiassed by any personal feelings.

Otto von Bismarck was born April 1, 1815, on the family estate of Schoenhause, in the province of Brandenburg. The family belongs to the ancient gentry of the country, and has furnished many officers and servants to the Electors and the Kings of Prussia. Bismarck's father was a captain of horse, who died in 1845; his mother, a daughter of Frederic III.'s Cabinet Secretary, Menken, is said to have been a remarkably clever and ambitious woman; she always wished that her son should enter the diplomatic career, but she died long before his public life began. Bismarck was first educated in Berlin, and went to the University of Göttingen in 1832, where he soon became famous, not for his application, but for his duels and extravagances. According to his own account he only twice attended lectures before he passed his examination. He continued this wild life while he was employed as a subordinate functionary in different Government offices; but soon got tired of red tape, and retired to his own estates, which he successfully tried to extricate from the embarrassed condition in which he found them. He divided his time between agricultural pursuits and orgies, which procured for him in the surrounding country the name of "*Mad Bismarck*." Strange stories were afloat about his riding, hunt-

* 1. *Das Buch vom Grafen Bismarck*. Von G. HESKEI. Bände 1 und 2. Elberfeld: 1868.

2. *Monsieur de Bismarck*. Par L. BAMBERGER. Paris: 1868.

ing, and drinking, and his prodigious faculty of emptying huge bumpers of porter and champagne, half-and-half. But the same man who was considered a terrible scape-grace, would sometimes retire from his jovial companions, and remain shut up in his library for days and nights, reading hard metaphysics, history, and politics; then salting out on long rambles, accompanied only by a huge mastiff, and afterwards boring his friends with long political dissertations. He also diversified his country life by several journeys to England and France, and in 1847 he married Fräulein von Puttkammer. The parents of the lady on whom he had bestowed his affections were quiet, pious people, and therefore considerably alarmed when he, a man as yet only famous for his eccentricities, proposed to their daughter, but were thunderstruck when the maiden firmly though bashfully declared that she loved him. They, however, consented, and never had reason to repent it, for in all the vicissitudes of his political life, Bismarck has proved a model husband and father. Thus he settled down as a country squire at Schoenhausen; but he was not destined to remain long in that quiet condition, for his political career was about to commence.

King Frederick William III. had died without fulfilling the solemn promise, made in the crisis of 1815, of granting to his people a national representation. His successor felt that things could not go on as before, and was willing to admit representatives of the people to a certain share in the Government. Frederick William IV. was intelligent enough to fathom the worthlessness of the paper constitutions then so much in vogue; he professed the highest admiration for British institutions, and lauded England as the country of hereditary wisdom; but, on the other hand, he never attained to a true appreciation of modern times and wants. His romantic and mediæval inclinations bound him within an enchanted circle. So it came to pass that when after long and fatal hesitation he issued (February 3, 1847) the letters patent granting a representation, composed of delegates of the provincial Diets, this Royal grant caused general disappointment. The first step of the new Assembly was to declare that the Convocation of the United Estates (Vereinigter Landtag) could not be considered as a fulfilment of the Royal promise of 1815. This declaration was strongly opposed by Bismarck, who took his seat as a delegate of his provincial Diet. The wars of 1813-15, he said, had not given to the Prussian peo-

ple any right to demand a constitution; their object was to shake off the foreign yoke. The Prussian Kings held their throne not by grace of the people, but by divine right; their power was *de facto* unlimited, and every concession they made was a free gift. In the same spirit he opposed a bill for removing the civil disabilities of the Jews: "You may call," he said, "my ideas dark and mediæval, but I ask that Christianity shall be above the State. Without a religious foundation the State is only an accidental aggregate of rights, a bulwark against the King, a bulwark of all against all (P). Its legislation will not be regenerated out of the original fountain of eternal wisdom, but stand on shifting sands of vague and changeable ideas of humanity. If I should see a Jew a representative of the King's sacred Majesty, I should feel deeply humiliated." In short, Bismarck spoke in that Assembly as a member of the extreme right, or feudal party. When shortly afterwards the storm of 1848 swept away the United Estates, and the King in spite of his former declarations, granted a paper constitution, Bismarck in the last sitting of the Estates protested in a manful and dignified way, and then retired to his country-seat deeply regretting the weakness of the Government, whose adventurous flight he was unable to follow. But he lost no jot of heart or hope; and when soon afterwards the Socialist follies of the democratic party drove even the Liberals into opposition, he became the nucleus of a new Conservative party, and one of the most trusted advisers of Frederic William IV., whose personal acquaintance he had made in Venice on his wedding tour.

The courage and energy which Bismarck showed in those stormy times deserves to be acknowledged. He never bowed to the revolution even in the most critical days, and took a chivalrous pleasure in defying the menaces of the demagogues; but at the same time he expressed a withering contempt of popular rights and public opinion, and identified the Liberal leaders with the heroes of the barricades. He was at that time also a most ardent adversary of all projects of German unity, and denied that the nation at large really desired it. "Prussia," he said, "had only one enemy—the revolution, and ought to make common cause against it with Austria." When therefore the crisis came, and Baron Manteuffel went to Olmütz to accept the humiliating conditions dictated by Prince Schwarzenberg, Bismarck frankly defended from the tribune this capitulation, and denied that it could

be Prussia's policy to abet the Liberal Quixotes of the German Parliament. "I acknowledge," he said, "in Austria the representative and the heir of an old German Power, which has often and gloriously wielded the sword of Germany." Such opinions were of course acceptable to the Austrian Court; and when the time came to reappoint a Prussian Minister at the re-established Diet, in 1851, Bismarck was chosen for the post and sent as plenipotentiary to Frankfort, where he remained for eight years. It was during this period that his political ideas underwent the great change by which he has since astonished the world. He arrived in Frankfort in the full fervour of a partisan of the Holy Alliance, and a champion of the reaction. He ridiculed every national German interest, and was ready to co-operate eagerly with Austria against the liberal Hessians as well as against the Schleswig-Holstein rebels; and it may be here noted, that the same man who in 1864 was the principal instrument in dismembering Denmark, in 1849 condemned the war against Denmark as "a most unjust, frivolous, and pernicious undertaking in order to support a revolution without legitimate motives" (Sitting of the Second Chamber, April 21); and in 1852 he received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Danebrog, "in acknowledgment of his activity in the pacification of Schleswig-Holstein." But if he was ready to act as a faithful ally of Austria, Bismarck remained nevertheless a Prussian, and claimed for his country a co-ordinate position in the Germanic Diet.

The working of the German Federal Constitution before 1848 had in fact only become possible by a tacit agreement between Austria and Prussia, Prince Metternich taking the lead in all European questions, but leaving Prussia a certain liberty of action in North Germany, and particularly in all questions of material interest, like the Zollverein. Bismarck had, as he himself says, grown up in admiration, nay even adoration, of Austrian statesmanship, and on his arrival at Frankfort he immediately started on a pilgrimage to Johannesburg to pay his respects to the Nestor of European politics. He returned from this visit with the hope that Austria would acknowledge it to be just and wise to give Prussia, after the reconciliation which had taken place, such a position in the Confederation as would induce the Berlin Cabinet to exert its whole strength for the common interests of the allied German Powers. But under Prince Schwarzenberg's premiership things began to wear a very different aspect. That

haughty Minister was resolved to use his victory in the most relentless manner; his device was openly, "*il faut avilir la Prusse et après la démolir*;" he had resumed the old Hapsburg dream of a universal Empire; his design was to crush once for all the ideas of German unity, and to realize the idea of an Empire of seventy-seven millions by making Austria enter into the Confederation with all the countries subject to her sceptre. Bismarck was not the man to submit to such a policy. "Soon after my arrival at Frankfort," he afterwards wrote, "the scales fell from my eyes. I saw that many of the quantities with which I had hitherto counted did not exist; that the Austria which was before my mind did not exist in reality; and that therefore it was impossible to go along with her." A short time afterwards he was sent on a special mission to Vienna, and there tried to persuade the Emperor to take a more friendly position towards Prussia, but he failed in this attempt. He was most courteously received, but obtained nothing. Thenceforth Bismarck became a decided adversary of Austria, and his whole activity at the Diet was a protracted struggle against the paramount influence of the Vienna Cabinet. In this struggle he was not much supported by his Government. The King was deeply discouraged, nay broken, by the late events, and therefore was always for yielding to the pressure exercised from Vienna by the three Bavarian Princesses, who at that epoch exerted so fatal an influence in European politics — the Archduchess Sophia, the Queen of Saxony, and the Queen of Prussia. So he consented to Austria's entering the Confederation with her whole empire, which was only prevented by the protest of England and France. When soon afterwards the Eastern difficulties began which led to the Crimean War, Bismarck was with heart and soul on Russia's side. His motives were perhaps as much dislike of Austria — who seemed willing to side with the Western Powers — as admiration for the Emperor Nicolas, the patron of the feudal party, whose death, Herr von Gerlach afterwards said, Prussia ought to mourn like the loss of a father. Certain it is that Bismarck contributed powerfully to estrange Prussia from the allied Powers, and to keep her in that one-sided neutrality which proved so useful to Russia. He supported the efforts of the Kreuzzeitung party to recall Bunsen from his post in London. He seconded the ill-advised interference of the secondary States at the meeting of Bamberg, and did his best to prevent Baron Usedom and General Wedell from setting out when they

were sent to London and Paris to negotiate a *traité analogue* to that which Austria had signed with the Western Powers. His influence at that time was great; he was frequently summoned to Berlin, and more than once his name was put forward for the Premiership. In 1857 the King was taken ill, and a year later the Prince Regent on his accession dismissed Baron Manteuffel's Ministry. The event was unexpected by Bismarck. Some of his friends advised that he should forthwith resign; but he preferred waiting till the new Ministers showed their colours:—

"If these gentlemen," he wrote to his sister, November 1858, "keep up a certain connexion with the Conservative party, if they endeavour sincerely to establish an understanding and peace in home affairs, they may have a considerable advantage for our foreign policy, for we had sunk downwards we scarcely know how: this I felt here most bitterly. I think the Prince (Hohenzollern) was made Premier to give guarantees against a party-government and sliding down to the left. If I am mistaken in this, or if Government wants my post to gratify the place-hunters, I shall retire under the guns of Schoenhauzen and watch how Prussia is to be governed by democratic majorities, trying to do my duty in the Upper House. Change is the soul of life, and I hope to feel ten years younger if I find myself in the same position of warfare as in 1848-49. The prospect of a fresh and honest struggle without any official shackles—if I may say so, in political bathing trowsers—has nearly as much charm for me as a continued *régime* of truffles, dispatches, and grand crosses. If I should find the parts of the gentleman and the diplomatist incompatible, the pleasure of spending decently a high salary will not make me waver for a moment. With my simple wants I am independent; and if God keeps my wife and children in good health, I say 'vogue la galère,' whatever the 'waters may be.'"

Towards the end of the year Bismarck was recalled from his post, and named Minister at St. Petersburg. He expressed his disappointment to the Prince Regent, because he thought he might have done good service to Prussia in Frankfurt under the new state of affairs; but he accepted his new destination, which was honourable in itself, and allowed him to keep aloof from party struggles. He left Frankfurt with the conviction that the existing federal institutions were unprofitable, and in critical times most dangerous for Prussia, without offering those equivalent advantages which Austria derived from them.

"The minor princes and governments," he wrote to Baron Schleinitz, "do not measure the two great Powers by the same standard: the interpretation of the scope and of the laws of

the Confederation is modified according to the wants of Austrian policy. Since 1850 we are met in every question by the same hostile majority, by the same pretension that Prussia ought always to yield. In the Eastern question Austria's power of gravitation proved so superior to ours, that the other German governments, although agreeing in their convictions with Prussia, were obliged to give way. They declared themselves unable to discharge their federal duties if Austria was resolved to go her own way, although they themselves were convinced that the federal law and the interests of Germany were in favour of our policy. Their clinging to Austria is based on an erroneous conception of their interest, which prescribes a common opposition to Prussia and to the natural development of her influence and power. The aim of the policy of the middle states is the development of the federal treaties in the sense of Austrian supremacy. This can only be done at Prussia's expense, if we are always willing to submit and to bear with untiring complacency the disproportion between our federal rights and duties. This tendency of the policy of the middle states will reappear after every vacillation with the steadiness of the magnetic needle, because it is not the arbitrary result of changing circumstances and persons, but the natural and necessary result of the federal relations with the minor states. *We have no means of coming to a permanent and satisfactory arrangement with this policy within the pale of the existing federal treaties. I consider our present federal relations as a disease of Prussia, which we shall be obliged to cure sooner or later with fire and sword (ferro et igni) if we do not take preventive measures in seasonable time.*"

It is not astonishing that with such convictions Bismarck should have advised his Government to profit by the opportunity offered by the Italian War in order to obtain a revision of the Federal League, which would ameliorate the position of Prussia in Germany. Nor can it be doubted that such a policy would have been highly popular with the Prussian people. They felt humiliated by long subjection to Austrian supremacy. They hated the Government which had signed the Concordat, and were favourable to Cavour's liberal and national policy. When, therefore, the Cabinet of Vienna, after the ominous words of the Emperor Napoleon to Baron Hübnér on New Year's Day 1859, began to prepare for the contest; when all the minor Courts and the German press, guided by Austria, were raging for war; when in regard to Prussia it was said at Vienna, "If the Emperor commands, the Margraves must obey," Bismarck pressed his government to assume an independent position, and to consult only Prussian interests for her future policy. "If the majority at Frankfurt," he

wrote to Baron Schleinitz," under the pressure of Austria, should take resolutions which overstep the provisions of the Federal treaties, or which even would go so far as to set aside those treaties, we ought to take up the gauntlet. The more unequivocally such a violation is manifested, the better for us. We shall not easily find more favourable conditions in Austria, Russia, or France to permit us to ameliorate our position in Germany. On the other hand, our Confederates are in a fair way of offering us a legitimate cause for such an undertaking."

But the weak and indolent Minister who then directed Prussia's policy could not muster courage for an energetic course of action. He declared, it is true, that Prussia, willing as she was to defend every German interest, would not allow the Diet to dispose of her army; but he lost time in fruitless attempts at mediation, before and during the campaign, till the world was astonished by the news of the armistice of Villafranca. Austria had preferred to sacrifice the province of Lombardy to making any concession to her hated rival in Germany, whom after the peace the Emperor accused openly as the chief cause of his defeat.

Long before these events Bismarck had retired to his new post at St. Petersburg, and, disappointed in his expectations from the new Ministry, was glad to be removed from party strife to a position where he could observe the march of political events as from a watch-tower. As an old partisan of Russia, he was most cordially received by the Emperor, the Court, and Prince Gortschakoff; and he took advantage of his comparative leisure to study the country, the language, and society. As at Frankfort, he kept a hospitable house, and was a welcome guest in the fashionable circles of the capital. His residence in Russia was also marked by several severe attacks of illness, from which he has never entirely recovered. But Bismarck's life in St. Petersburg was not altogether that of an observing philosopher, merely doing his duty in the business of the legation; he had always kept up his connection with Berlin; he had strengthened his relations with the Prince Regent, now King William I., by frequent personal intercourse, and his political ideas had more and more ripened. His letters from St. Petersburg show that at that time he was already considerably estranged from his old convictions:—

"The system of the solidarity of conservative interests in all countries," he writes September 18, 1861, "is a dangerous fiction without com-

plete and unrestricted reciprocity. If we cling to it without this condition it becomes Quixotism which only hinders our King and Government from fulfilling their proper task, to protect Prussia against any attack. We should not proclaim as a shibboleth of the Prussian Conservative party the extravagant and lawless ideas of sovereignty (*den ganz unhistorischen, gott-und rechtlösen Souveränitätsschwindel*) of those German princes who use their federal position to play at European politics. Our Government is Liberal in Prussia and Legitimist in other countries. We protect the rights of foreign crowns with more zeal than those of our own; we are wild for maintaining those diminutive sovereignties created by Napoleon and sanctioned by Metternich, and remain blind to dangers by which the independence of Prussia and Germany is threatened as long as the nonsense of the present Federal Constitution is maintained, whilst it is only a hotbed of dangerous and revolutionary tendencies. We ought to say plainly what changes we wish to accomplish in Germany; whether they are to be realized by a revision of the Federal Constitution or by free association like the Zollverein. We ought to declare at the same time frankly that we wish to bring about these changes legally, and do not wish to go further than our security and the interests of all require. A stronger consolidation of the German military forces is as necessary to us as our daily bread; we need new and elastic duties for the Zollverein, and provisions for protecting our interests which arise from the unnatural configuration of the internal German frontiers. Neither can I conceive why we should be terrified at the idea of a popular representation at the Diet or at a Customs Parliament. Can we Conservatives impugn an institution as revolutionary which legitimately exists in every German state?"

The man who could write in this strain was evidently already separated by a wide gulf from the Kreuzzeitung party, whose chiefs began to look at him with considerable alarm. Meanwhile the internal affairs of Prussia were drawing to a crisis. King William, in dismissing Baron Manteuffel, had not become a Liberal. The Prince could not forgive him for having lowered Prussia's position in Europe by a weak and vacillating policy. Therefore the first aim of the Liberal ministers who came into office in November 1859 ought to have been to raise that position. The Italian war offered an excellent opportunity.

The Emperor Napoleon was most willing to give Prussia free play in Germany if she would let him have his way in Italy. He even repeated his offers when he was going to annex Savoy and Nice. But Baron Schleinitz could not make up his mind to act one way or the other. He allowed himself to be taken by surprise at

the news of Villafranca; he tried to get up a feeble protest against the aggrandisement of France, but drew back when Lord Palmerston justly declined to join him, and he gravely administered a rebuke to Italy for her revolutionary proceedings, which was ably answered by Count Cavour. At last, probably feeling himself unequal to his position, he resigned, and retired to the more genial and quiet post of the Minister of the Royal Household. The ministry of the "New Era" had lost the golden opportunity of reconciling the King with its more liberal ideas by an energetic foreign policy. It was therefore only natural that they met with a strong resistance from their Royal master when they tried to convert him to the necessity of constitutional reforms. The King's ideas took a different direction. The experience of 1859 had strengthened his conviction that the organization of the Prussian army was unequal to the wants of the day, and he considered a reform as necessary, if Prussia was to maintain her rank as a great Power. This reform, therefore, became his great aim after Villafranca. General Bonin, the Minister of War, who hazarded a slight opposition to the King's plan, was dismissed, and General von Roon took his place. No notice of this change was given to the other members of the Cabinet, but they quietly submitted to it. It now became the task of the Finance Minister to procure the necessary funds for the reorganization of the army, which raised the military budget from thirty-two to forty millions of thalers.

The revenue of Prussia was in a flourishing state, and by no means unable to bear this increase of expenditure, but it ought to have been made acceptable to the Legislature by careful preparation and by liberal reforms. Baron Patow might have succeeded if he had insisted on these precedent conditions. But he did not; and the project of army reform fell on the heads of the deputies like a stone from heaven. It was, therefore, not astonishing that the bill was very ill received. The Special Committee which examined it demanded the reduction of the time of effective service exacted by law from every Prussian subject from three to two years, and this proposal was backed by a great majority. An open conflict was with great difficulty avoided by a provisional compromise, granting an additional vote for one year. In the mean time the reorganization went on as if it had been finally passed. In March, 1861, the House passed a resolution, requiring a more specific budget. The Ministry insisted upon a dis-

solution, which was granted, but, at the same time, on liberal reforms, which were refused by the King. The Cabinet resigned, and only General von Roon, Baron von der Heydt, and Count Bernstorff re-entered the new Conservative administration. But this administration was a weak one. The country answered by sending an overwhelming adverse majority to the House of Deputies; and Baron von der Heydt's position was shaken from the beginning by the publication of a letter to General von Roon, insisting on reduction of the military expenses. Already at that epoch Bismarck had become the candidate of the Conservative and military party for the Premiership. Arriving on leave in the spring of 1862, and assisting at the inauguration of Count Brandenburg's monument, all eyes were directed upon him. "Salute the new Premier," said a member of Manteuffel's Cabinet to a Liberal colleague of the new era. Certain it is that negotiations in that sense took place; but Bismarck refused to serve under Baron von der Heydt, and even did not wish to become Minister at that moment, because he saw that things were not ripe for a decisive step. However, on leaving for Paris, where he had been appointed ambassador, he foresaw that the ministerial question was not yet settled. "I do not know," he wrote to his wife, "whether I can send our furniture to Paris, for I may be summoned back to Berlin before it arrives. What I am doing now is rather making an attempt to escape than choosing a new residence."

Bismarck presented his credentials in Paris (June 1), and then went on leave. He made a short trip to London to see the Exhibition, and tried most unsuccessfully to win Lord Palmerston's good-will for his projects. He then went to the Pyrenees and Biarritz, where he met the Emperor, and in their frequent walks by the seaside laid the foundation of the intercourse which afterwards proved so useful to him. On his way home, at Avignon, he was met by a telegram which summoned him to Berlin. The long-expected crisis had at last arrived. The House of Deputies had finally refused to vote the increased military budget. Baron von der Heydt declined to spend the money against this vote, and resigned, together with Count Bernstorff, and Bismarck was appointed Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

His position was a difficult one. He had always advocated the army reform as the condition of a more energetic foreign policy, and he was now called into office in order to maintain the contested reorganiza-

tion. But, at the same time, he did not underrate the dangers of a protracted Parliamentary conflict, and wished seriously to come to an understanding with the House. In confidential conversations with the leaders, he protested against the principles of the *Kreuzzeitung* party; he declared that he wished to be supported by the Liberals; he hinted at a future grand foreign policy. But he requested the maintenance of the army reorganization. He admitted that, personally, he had no objection to a shorter term of military service, but he added that this was out of question for the moment, and he urged the difficulties of his personal position. The Liberal party declined to treat upon such vague promises. Nor was this astonishing, if we consider Bismarck's past; for had he not contributed with all his might to crush every effort of a liberal and national policy in 1849 and 1850? He now came forward avowedly in order to support the King in carrying unconditionally the army reform, against the will of the majority. Neither was his language calculated to quiet suspicions when he appeared for the first time in the Committee of Ways and Means. He told the members that they took things too tragically. The Government did not wish for a conflict, and was willing to settle the quarrel if it could do so honourably. People were too self-willed, too much inclined to individualism, too critical, in Germany. This personal independence made it difficult to govern constitutionally in Prussia. Perhaps her citizens were too civilized to bear a constitution.

"We are too hot-blooded; we like a big armour for our slim body, but then we ought to use it. Germany does not look for Prussia's liberalism, but for her power. Bavaria, Wurttemberg, and Baden may indulge liberalism, but nobody expects that they will play Prussia's part. Prussia is obliged to collect her force for a favourable moment, which has already been missed several times. Her frontiers are not favourable for a healthy commonwealth. The great questions of our time are to be decided not by speeches and resolutions, but by blood and iron."

It was, in short, the theory, which Bismarck himself afterwards condensed in the sentence, that only a full-grown State could indulge in the luxury of a Liberal Government. There was, perhaps, in his words a certain amount of bitter truth; but such language, delivered in the flippant way which was proper to him, was far from reassuring those to whom it was addressed. The attempted understanding broke down, and Bismarck resolved to govern without a

budget legally voted. The Prussian Constitution is built on a very broad basis, but without any solidity. It proclaims a great many liberal principles without giving the people the power to realize them. It declares that a great many things must be done, without providing any remedy in case they are not done. The Constitution granted to the Legislature the right of voting the supplies and imposing new taxes, but it declared expressly that, under any circumstances, the existing taxes should continue to be levied. The budget was to be submitted, first to the House of Deputies, and then sent up to the Upper House, which could only accept or reject it as a whole, but not amend it. In the debates on the Constitution in 1850-51, Bismarck had contributed much to curtail the rights of the Legislature, when Herr Simson moved a resolution, that the Government should not be entitled to appropriate any money without the consent of the House. Bismarck opposed this, declaring that if the Government and the Legislature could not agree on the budget, the last budget would remain in force till an agreement had been arrived at. Ten years later he put this ingenious theory into practice. He made the Upper House reject the reduced budget voted by the Deputies; declared that no provision for this case had been made by the Constitution, and that therefore he was going to govern with the last budget, hoping sincerely that the present passions would cool down and an understanding would be established. The people might clamour and rage, protesting that he had violated the Constitution. The Constitution gave the Crown the right of levying the existing taxes, and as long as he could go on without new taxes or loans the Deputies were *de facto* powerless to unseat him.

The Chamber once dismissed, Bismarck went to Paris to present his letters of recall, and then turned to the scheme of foreign policy, in which he hoped to find the solution of the Gordian knot of the situation at home. The relations of Prussia with Austria had become most critical. Count Bernstorff had marked his accession to office by a dispatch to the Prussian Minister at Dresden, M. de Savigny, in which he maintained the right of Prussia to form within the pale of the confederation a closer political union, such as the Zollverein presented for material interests. Austria and the Middle States answered by the famous identical notes in which they protested against this pretension, which indeed was directly opposed to the principle of the existing Bund. Count Bernstorff took his revenge by re-

ognizing the Italian kingdom, and signing a commercial treaty with France, which Austria opposed because it did away with the differential advantages which her commerce with the Zollverein had hitherto enjoyed. Under the pressure of the Vienna Cabinet the Middle States, with the exception of Saxony, declined the French treaty, and introduced at Frankfort a project for a popular representation by delegates of the local Chambers. Prussia, not being previously consulted, protested at Frankfort against this proposition.

Bismarck now frankly declared in his first conversation with Count Karolyi, the Austrian Minister at Berlin, that things could not long go on in this way. Prussia's relations with Austria must become better or worse. He recalled the tacit agreement which, before 1848, had subsisted between the two great Powers, and which alone had assured to Germany a long period of repose. He asserted that since the re-establishment of the Diet Prussia had encountered a systematic opposition, not only in Vienna, but at the middle Courts, particularly those whose friendship was rendered most important to her by the geographical configuration of Germany. This opposition, fostered by Austria, checkmated Prussia in prosecuting her legitimate interests, particularly for the Zollverein, and estranged Prussia's sympathies from Austria. Count Karolyi answered that Austria could not renounce her traditional influence in Germany, but that, nevertheless, he was confident that she would find in Prussia an ally in case of any war dangerous for Austria. Bismarck told him that this was a dangerous illusion. Austria's German policy had prevented Prussia from helping her in the Italian war, and under similar circumstances he would be unable to advise his Royal master even to observe a similar neutrality; on the contrary, an alliance of Prussia with Austria's adversaries would become quite possible, if the Vienna Cabinet did not adopt a more friendly position in Germany towards Berlin. In another conversation Bismarck earnestly insisted upon the withdrawal of the delegate-project at Frankfort, and told Count Karolyi that Prussia would not submit to any resolutions overstepping the competence of the Diet, but would consider such resolutions as a rupture of the Federal tie. In a dispatch addressed to Baron Werther, the Prussian Minister in Vienna, Bismarck went a step further, and ingenuously advised Austria to renounce her position in Germany, and to transfer her centre of gravitation to Pesh. Count Rechberg's answer was of course an indignant protest,

and the matter rested there, for a much graver complication was at hand.

In January 1863 an insurrection broke out in Warsaw, which soon took alarming proportions. It was only natural that Prussia, as a neighbouring State, and having herself a considerable number of Polish subjects, should take measures of precaution, and nobody objected when a certain force was concentrated on the frontier; on the contrary, in a conversation with Count Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador at Paris, M. Drouyn de Lhuys expressed his satisfaction at the untroubled state of the Grand Duchy of Posen.* But the Court of Berlin was not satisfied with these preventive measures. General Alvensleben, a declared partisan of the Russian alliance, was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission, and there signed with Prince Gortschakoff a secret convention against the insurrection. It stipulated that, disturbances having broken out in the Kingdom of Poland which might endanger property and tranquillity in the frontier provinces of Prussia, the troops of either of the two Governments should be authorized, on the requisition of the military authorities of the other, to cross the frontier, and, in case of necessity, should be permitted to pursue insurgents into the territory of the other.†

This convention was a most imprudent act of provocation. It was entirely unnecessary, the interests of Prussia being on the contrary to localize the insurrection, and to observe an expectant policy. In abandoning wantonly this natural reserve and making common cause with Russia, the Berlin Cabinet, as M. Drouyn de Lhuys justly observed, not only accepted a share of responsibility for the repressive measures of Russia, but invited the separated members of the Polish nationality to oppose their union to that of the Governments, and to attempt a really national insurrection; in short, the Convention evoked the whole Polish question.

M. de Bismarck seems to have soon perceived that he had made a mistake. In conversations which ensued with the English and French Ambassadors, he endeavoured to attenuate the scope of the Convention. The agreement, he said, had no political character or significance whatever; it was simply an arrangement for the maintenance of security on the borders of the two countries. The insurgents were in the

* Dispatch of the French Foreign Office to Baron Talleyrand, Ambassador in Berlin, dated February 17, 1863.

† Dispatch of Sir A. Buchanan to Lord Russell, dated Berlin, February 27.

habit of falling on the Custom-house stations and other localities, where public funds were deposited. It was necessary that the agents of Government should be enabled to withdraw with their funds from threatened posts to places of safety, if necessary even on foreign territory. This means of safety was assured to them by the Convention, and if they were pursued by the rebels, the latter in their turn would be followed by the Russian troops over the frontier until they fell in with an armed Prussian force. The other clauses only provided that officers should reside at the head-quarters of the two Governments in order to carry on the correspondence which would be necessary between them. No ratifications of the Convention had as yet been exchanged, it therefore was not only incomplete, but could not even be considered a binding engagement, for it was expressly stipulated that either of the contracting parties should at any time be at liberty to terminate the agreement. Whoever would consider the circumstances dispassionately and impartially, would easily satisfy himself that the Prussian Government had done no more than was necessary for the maintenance of tranquillity and the protection of the population on a frontier which was 1500 miles in length; but a portion of the English and French Press hostile to Prussia, and the whole Press of Denmark and Austria, had seized upon the Convention to calumniate Prussia.

Lord Russell not being satisfied by these explanations, and having plainly expressed his disapprobation of the Convention along with the hope that the respective Governments might be disposed to cancel it or to put an end to its operation, M. de Bismarck informed Sir Andrew Buchanan that the necessary instructions to carry the Convention into effect had never been drawn up. It might therefore be looked upon as a dead letter.

This declaration could only be considered as a formal retreat, and so the Prussian Premier's first campaign in European politics was as much a failure as the part he had attempted to play in the German question. In the subsequent discussions of the Western Powers and Austria with Russia on Polish affairs he maintained a cautious reserve. He declined to support the representations of those Governments in St. Petersburg, because, he said, the concessions which they recommended the Emperor of Russia to grant to his Polish subjects would not satisfy them. Whatever they might obtain now would be used as a means of arriving at eventual independence. An independent Polish state must prove a

dangerous neighbour to Prussia. Nobody could expect her to join in measures which she believed would lead to such a result. Bismarck knew moreover that Russia would never yield on the Polish question, and had accepted the discussion with the Western Powers only in order to gain time for crushing the insurrection. He saw that Austria could never seriously support a movement which threatened her with the loss of Galicia; he discerned that England was not inclined to draw the sword for the restoration of Poland, and that France left alone could not do so. His imprudent policy at the beginning of the insurrection is nevertheless to be strongly blamed, for it complicated the question and exposed Prussia to serious danger. In January 1863 Prince Metternich arrived in Vienna, offering from the Emperor Napoleon a free field of action in Germany, with the support of France, to Austria, if she was willing to co-operate with France for the restoration of Poland. Count Rechberg could not make up his mind to accept that offer; and as for the Emperor, the shadow of Venetia still stood between him and the French alliance. But what would have become of Bismarck's projects if Prince Metternich had found a more willing ear for his overtures in Vienna?

In the meantime the internal conflict was raging in Prussia with unabated vigour. The King had not opened the session in person, and the speech from the throne held out no hope of concessions. The House of Deputies resolved to answer by an address, which in strong language accused the Ministers of violating the Constitution by governing without a budget. It was in the debate on this address that Bismarck made the memorable and characteristic declaration that "Constitutional conflicts may be decided in other countries by a change of the Ministry, but this is not the custom in Prussia. With us, if two political bodies, which cannot go to law, are unable to agree, circumstances decide which of the two is the strongest." Count Schwerin answered with an indignant protest against this new doctrine, that might go before right; and Waldeck told the Minister that it was a miserable excuse to cover his unconstitutional acts by Royal orders. The King refused to receive the address in person, and answered by a rebuke in the style in which the Stuarts spoke to their Parliaments.

The Polish Convention provoked another angry debate most unwelcome to the Premier. He tried to prevent it by privately telling the Vice-President that if Russia

should be unable to master the insurrection, she might be disposed to cede her Polish provinces to Prussia, who would easily Germanize them. This was considered as an ill-timed gift, but the statement was not utterly unfounded; for it appears that at one moment Russia, embarrassed by her internal difficulties, actually entertained a plan to that effect. But the prospect of acquiring a Polish Venetia was not tempting to the House, and a motion was introduced, declaring that Prussia's interest demanded strict neutrality. This motion was seconded by addresses of the Chambers of Commerce of all the important towns in the Eastern provinces.

M. de Bismarck at first denied the existence of the Convention with Russia: he called it "a sea-serpent." When he was compelled to admit that an agreement had been signed, he violently accused the House of siding with the insurrection, and of encouraging foreign Powers to intervene because Prussia was defenceless. The motion was nevertheless carried by 246 against 57. Another debate gave the haughty Premier occasion for his famous declaration—"When we shall deem it necessary to make war, we shall do so with or without the consent of this House." It was unavoidable that such arrogance should lead to strong personal hostility. Bismarck treated the Assembly with the utmost contempt when he left the House during a speech of a member of the Opposition. The adjournment of the debate was resolved upon. Coming back, he coolly declared that he was perfectly able to hear the orator in the adjoining apartment. He refused to submit to the standing orders of the House on the ground that they applied only to members, not to Ministers; and when, notwithstanding, General Roon, the Minister for War, was called to order, the Cabinet declared that it would no more appear at the sittings if the House did not renounce this pretension. The President of the Chamber replied "that he maintained his right of enforcing discipline and obedience against every speaker alike." Another stormy debate ensued, upon which the session was closed by another ungracious Royal message.

The Prussian Constitution provides that in cases of urgent necessity, when the Chambers are not sitting, the King shall have the right of issuing ordinances with the force of law. The session had scarcely been closed when a Royal Order appeared by which the constitutional freedom of the press was suspended. Now the liberty of the press, as it legally exists in Prussia, would be

considered extremely illusory by every Englishman, for according to the law in 1852 every newspaper, nay every book, may be seized by the Government before it is published, and the Ministry had largely availed themselves of this power. But this was not deemed sufficient. The Royal Order authorized the administrative authorities to stop, to suspend, or suppress, after three notices, any paper which by its general tone seemed to endanger the public weal, an expedient borrowed from the administrative despotism of Imperial France. It was clearly a measure in violation of the law; no urgent necessity could be alleged, because no illegal resistance was threatened; and it was promulgated just after the close of the session, because the Government knew that the Chamber would never sanction it. The Crown Prince protested, in a speech made at Dantzic, that he had no part in this measure: the Universities of Heidelberg, Kiel, and Göttingen declared the order illegal; the members of the most considerable towns sent addresses to the King against it. A new order forbade the discussion of political affairs by the town councils; the civil authorities were instructed not to allow any participation of Government functionaries in the manifestations of the Opposition, except to pledge themselves to support the Ministry.

At that moment Prussia's position was most critical. By her conduct in the Polish question she was completely isolated in Europe, for Russia's alliance did not offer any support, and at home the gulf between the Government and the people had become wider and wider. Austria thought the conjuncture favourable for a great stroke of policy, and she convoked a Council of Princes at Frankfort. The King of Prussia had gone to the waters of Gastein, where he received the visit of his nephew, the Emperor. Francis Joseph told him of his project, and the King expressed his willingness to take part in it, but proposed an adjournment of the meeting till October. The Emperor of Austria left Gastein without an answer. Two days afterwards an Imperial aide-de-camp brought a formal invitation to the King, dated before the departure of his nephew. On the advice of Bismarck the King declined to appear at Frankfort, and remained firm in this resolution, even when afterwards the King of Saxony came in person, as a delegate from the Congress, to repeat the invitation in the most pressing terms. In giving this advice Bismarck was undoubtedly right. The Austrian reform project could only have the object of strengthening Austrian

influence in Germany; all the Middle States would vote for it. Prussia therefore would have been left alone, with Baden, and a few minor States. The King's position in Frankfurt would therefore have been embarrassing, whilst by declining the invitation he caused the whole project to fall to the ground, for a federal reform without Prussia was absurd. It so turned out: the project was feebly conceived, and as it would only have complicated the existing federal machinery, it was superficially discussed, and remained a dead letter. Austria had lost her opportunity when she did not venture to accept in January the offer of France; the consequence was a failure in her Polish as well as in her German policy.

Bismarck took advantage of the Princes' Congress as a pretext for dissolving the Prussian Diet. In his report to the King he expressed the hope that all political divisions would cease whenever Prussia's position in Germany and Europe should be endangered, and that his Majesty's faithful subjects would confirm this conviction by new elections. The experiment failed; the victory of the Opposition was more complete than ever, and the Government numbered only thirty-seven adherents in the new House, which immediately rejected the order against the press as illegal. But the domestic struggle was already receding before the more pressing questions of foreign policy. France had been ill pleased with the wavering and irresolute policy of Austria in the Polish question; she had been encouraged, by the position which the Vienna Cabinet took in the beginning, to believe that it would make common cause with the Western Powers; but Count Rechberg saw in this grave question only an opportunity to embarrass Prince Gortschakoff. He joined France and England in their representations at St. Petersburg, but wheeled round when the moment for action was at hand. The Emperor Napoleon, after having in vain given utterance to remonstrances which even partook of the character of threats, threw up the Austrian alliance, and started his project of a universal Congress, destined to resolve all the questions pending in Europe. This proposal was most distasteful to the Court of Vienna, for was not the Venetian question one of pressing interest? Had not the Imperial Speech declared that the treaties of 1815 had ceased to exist? Count Rechberg began to feel uneasy, and was thinking of drawing nearer to the Northern Powers, particularly Prussia, when an event took

place, which was destined to change the whole aspect of affairs.

On the 15th November the King of Denmark died. We are not going to evoke the much-vexed question of the Elbe Duchies; we simply indicate the part M. de Bismarck has played in it. He had formerly, as we have seen, contributed to the best of his ability to replace Schleswig and Holstein under Denmark's sceptre, and we find in his correspondence no trace that he ever regretted the course he then pursued. On his accession to power, this chronic quarrel revived, but he took steps to protract the discussion of it, so that no crisis might ensue. The death of King Frederic produced a violent commotion in Germany, which was increased by the publication of an ill-advised decree at Copenhagen. German public opinion unanimously demanded a "federal execution" against Denmark. M. de Bismarck, whose first principle seems to be to use public opinion, but not to obey it, opposed this measure to the utmost of his power. He declared in the Chamber, and at the Diet, that Prussia considered herself bound by the treaty of London of 1852, provided Denmark fulfilled the provisions of it. But the King was determined to do something for the Duchies, and on the other hand, the popular movement which had already carried away the minor, and some of the Middle States, became so strong, that it was impossible to remain passive. Bismarck still hoped to crush the whole affair; he represented to the King that it would be dangerous for Prussia to advance single-handed, the more so as Austria had the same right of intervention, and would probably, as in 1851, make common cause with Denmark. If Prussia took the lead, a European war, in which Prussia would be isolated, might be the consequence: he therefore demanded a previous understanding with Austria. Count Rechberg, whose only care was to prevent Prussia from making capital out of the prevailing German excitement, gladly seized this opportunity to get out of his isolated position, and in a few days an informal agreement was signed, by which the two Powers bound themselves to act together. They now came forward at the Diet with a joint declaration, that a federal occupation of Holstein was inopportune, and moved that the execution already resolved upon on the 1st of October should take place. This motion was carried by strong pressure on the votes of the minor States. Bismarck at that time was still heart and soul on Denmark's side. He told the for-

eign Ministers that the execution was only decided upon to put down the revolution, and that if Denmark would only ostensibly satisfy the two great Powers by some constitutional concessions, the whole storm might blow over. But events proved too strong for him. The federal troops had scarcely entered Holstein, when Prince Frederick of Augustenburg appeared in Kiel, and was hailed as the sovereign of the country. On the other hand, the Copenhagen Ministry resisted the friendly advice given by England and France, and refused all concessions. Bismarck was furious; he told the Danish Envoy that the conduct of his Government would make it impossible to him to neutralize any longer the powerful influences at Court in favour of the Duchies. A proposition which he made with Austria at the Diet, to summon Prince Frederick to leave Holstein, was rejected. A loan of twelve millions which he asked from the House of Deputies was refused, and followed by an address to the King, declaring that the country would not grant any funds for a Ministry which lives in permanent war with the Constitution.

The Prussian Premier felt that he must take a decisive step unless he would be overruled. In the meantime he had discerned that the danger of a European conflagration was disappearing, because France would decline to act.

The Emperor Napoleon, deeply resenting Lord Russell's refusal to accept his proposal of a general Congress at Paris, rejected the English proposal to intervene, and declared the London treaty of 1852 to be "une œuvre impuissante." Russia was not able to come to Denmark's rescue, and was at the same time under deep obligations to Prussia. Hereupon M. de Bismarck resolved upon a bold stroke of policy which would give him back the lead; he suddenly proposed, at Frankfort, with Austria, the occupation of Schleswig. The motion was rejected, but the two Powers declared that they would nevertheless take the matter into their own hands. It is impossible to comprehend how Austria could have committed herself so far in a transaction which could not possibly turn to her advantage; but Bismarck had cajoled her by signing a secret treaty of guarantee for the integrity of her possessions during any war which might ensue from these proceedings. Schleswig was occupied, Jutland invaded. France would not move, and declared that she considered a war with Germany as disastrous for her interests. Still at that time M. de Bismarck's plan went not beyond the establishment of a personal union between

the Duchies and Denmark. At length England succeeded in bringing together a Conference in London, but did not succeed in finding a common basis, either before or during the meeting, which could be accepted by the belligerents, for in a confidential dispatch to M. de Latour (March 20), M. Drouyn de Lhuys proposed to take the vote of the populations as the only means for settling the quarrel, and was about to bring this position officially before the Conference when it appeared to have arrived at a deadlock. This news, telegraphed by Prince Metternich to his Government, filled Count Rechberg with alarm. Austria could not oppose this proposition for the Duchies, but it would involve most troublesome consequences for Venetia. Prince Metternich suggested that the only means to avoid this unpleasant alternative was to go a step further, and to declare frankly for the right of the Prince of Augustenburg. Count Rechberg followed this advice, and without informing beforehand his Prussian ally, he instructed the Austrian Plenipotentiaries in London to present a proposition to that effect. M. de Bismarck was taken by surprise by this step, but he instructed Count Bernstorff to accede to it; and thus the two great German Powers delivered to the Conference, on the 28th of May, their memorable declaration in favour of the rights of the Prince of Augustenburg.

The Prussian Premier tried to excuse this step in a conversation with the representative of a great Power: "Je ne pouvais pas faire autrement, je ne pouvais pas me laisser distancer par l'Autriche;" but he afterwards seems himself to have acknowledged that it was a blunder; and when the Conference broke up without a result, he suddenly recollected that the Augustenburg rights were by no means so clear as he had thought on the 28th of May. Fortunately for him the Grand Duke of Oldenburg had come forward with claims of his own, so M. de Bismarck suggested that the respective conflicting rights of the German Princes must undergo a careful investigation, and proposed to have the question examined by a committee of the Diet. In the meantime he vigorously pushed on the negotiations with Denmark; the principal points of the treaty of peace were settled by the preliminaries; but many details still remained to be decided, and Bismarck was reasonably afraid that Austria would require, as a preliminary condition of her signing the treaty of peace, that the Duchies should be erected into an independent State and member of the German Confederation.

He had accompanied his King to Carlsbad and Gastein, and afterwards paid a visit to the Emperor at Vienna. "Every morning," he afterwards said, "I expected Rechberg to come in and ask me to sign a paper to the effect that neither of the two Powers should derive special advantages from the treaty;" but that incapable statesman had forgotten all his former distrust of Prussia, he was completely blinded by the prospect of an alliance with Prussia against the Revolution, which Bismarck flashed before his eyes, and by which he hoped to reconquer Lombardy. When the latter had safely got into the railway carriage without binding himself in any way, he snapped his fingers at his impotent colleague and set to work for the execution of his ambitious plans.

His visit to Vienna had given him the measure of what he might risk in affronting Austria. At the same time an event took place which drove the Cabinet of Vienna still more into his arms. On the 15th of September a convention was signed between France and Italy for the evacuation of Rome. Austria felt that this treaty revived the alliance between the two signatories and in consequence was directed against her Venetian position; Russia still resented her Polish policy; so she clung to the fatal deception of the Prussian alliance. At that time Bismarck had made up his mind to annex the Duchies with or without the consent of Vienna; but he felt the necessity carefully to prepare his way, and he perceived that the most important condition was to secure the good-will of France. A few weeks' residence on a southern seashore would restore his shaken nerves, and he forthwith went to Biarritz, passing by Paris. He was well received. Indeed the Prussian Premier, although he had made common cause with Russia against Poland, and had recently signed a secret treaty for the integrity of the Austrian Empire against France, had always carefully abstained from wounding the Emperor Napoleon. He never shared the hatred of his party for the "parvenu de 2 décembre," and whilst the *Kreuzzeitung* continued to style this sovereign "Louis Napoleon," Bismarck had eagerly sought his acquaintance and cultivated his friendship. He had been several times in Paris, and won the Emperor's good graces so effectually that when he was appointed (1862) ambassador there, the French Minister notified to the King of Prussia that this choice was particularly agreeable to his sovereign. When taking leave of the Emperor on his promotion to the Foreign Office he gave the most explicit promises for his future policy, particularly

for the maintenance of the commercial treaty with France, and he kept his promise to the very letter in compelling the minor dissenting States to adopt that treaty without any alteration. In July 1864 Bismarck met M. Rouher at Carlsbad, and had many conversations with him on the state of affairs. He began by hinting at the necessity of giving Prussia a better geographical configuration. She was divided, he said, by Hanover and Hesse into two halves; it would be next to impossible for her to allow the erection of a new federal State on the Elbe, likely to make common cause with the minor Governments against her. It was this unfortunate delimitation of her frontiers which had so long kept Prussia in the enchanted circle of the Holy Alliance; if she was better constituted she would be at liberty to choose her alliances, and what could be more acceptable to her than that of France? In Venetia, in the East, both Powers had the same interests; and if France should wish for the equivalent to this Prussian aggrandisement, why there was Luxemburg and Belgium. The King of Holland would be glad to get rid of the incumbrance of the Grand Duchy, and Belgium was a nest of democrats! These expressions were of course repeated in Paris, and if they were not taken as quite serious, it was at least thought, in the leading circles, that M. de Bismarck might prove a useful man. He did his best to strengthen this idea on his visit to Biarritz, and although we do not pretend to know all that passed between him and the Emperor in their solitary walks on the shores of the Atlantic, it is certain that he went home with the conviction that he had nothing to fear from France in the execution of his plans.

Already before his departure for Paris, Count Rechberg, alarmed at the September Convention with Italy, had reminded him of the secret treaty guaranteeing the integrity of the Empire, but Bismarck answered, that this convention had only been concluded for the duration of the war, which war was now ended by the treaty of peace. This was perfectly true, but it gave the *coup de grâce* to the unlucky Austrian Minister, who was dismissed and replaced by Count Mensdorff. Many thought at that time that this appointment of a general to the Foreign Office was a sign of reviving energy in Vienna, and even Bismarck did not like it. He, however, lost no time putting the new Minister's strength to the test. Soon after his return to Berlin he suddenly got up a quarrel with the federal troops (Saxons and Hanoverians) which still occupied Holstein and compelled them to withdraw. Count

Mensdorff strongly objected to this arbitrary proceeding; but he at last yielded, and helped to sanction it by a federal resolution. Bismarck then knew what to think of the General's firmness. So when, shortly afterwards, Austria proposed to hand over the Duchies to the Prince of Augustenburg, he gravely replied that with the conflicting claims of the Duke of Oldenburg and the Prince of Hesse he really felt perplexed, and wanted to enlighten himself by a reference to the Prussian crown-lawyers. These gentlemen, belonging mostly to the *Kreuzzeitung* party, deliberated on the question for nine months, and at last came to the conclusion (though only by a majority of 6 to 5) that none of the pretenders had a full right to the whole of the Duchies; that therefore Prussia and Austria, to whom the King of Denmark had ceded the country, were the only legitimate owners of the territory, deriving their title from the very sovereign whose rights they had forcibly disputed. The opinion of the minority has never been published. M. de Bismarck declared moreover that, in case the Duchies should be erected into an independent State, he should require some concessions from their future sovereign for Prussia, and had submitted this question to the deliberation of his colleagues. They took three months for consideration, and then came forward with their programme, known as the "February conditions," which left next to nothing to the unfortunate man who should assume the sovereignty of the Elbe Duchies. Bismarck then assured the diplomatists that the Prussian people were indignant at his having asked so little; but later he frankly avowed that these conditions had been drawn up with the intention to make them unacceptable to anybody. Indeed not one of the pretenders would submit to them. Austria refused to listen to such terms, and so the matter dropped, Prussia maintaining in the meantime her conditions.

During the session of 1865 Bismarck tried in vain to bring the House of Deputies to terms; the idea of annexation was agreeable to many of the Liberals, but the majority would not accept it as a bribe for giving up their constitutional rights. Bismarck knew of course that this provisional state, this two-headed government of Austria and Prussia in the Duchies, could not last, and he began to prepare for a more serious conflict. The Prussian Governor of Holstein tried to make some gentle encroachments on the rights of his Austrian colleague; Count Mensdorff protested against any one-sided measures, and compelled their withdrawal.

Bismarck answered by a haughty dispatch dated from Carlsbad, where he had again accompanied the King his master. In a conversation with the French Ambassador at Vienna, the Duc de Grammont, whom he met there, he said, that he was by no means afraid of a war with Austria, but, on the contrary, wished it, and would have the supremacy in Germany, peacefully or forcibly. He afterwards told the Bavarian Premier, Baron von der Pförden, that he considered a war with Austria imminent, and that he could only recommend the Middle States to remain neutral during the duel: the House of Wittelsbach had a particular interest in doing so because it would be called to take the lead in South Germany, Prussia confining herself to the North. At the same time Count Usedom, the Prussian Minister in Florence, was instructed to sound General La Marmora as to a possible alliance of Italy with Prussia in case of war with Austria. These overtures were gladly received by the Italian Premier, who answered that he was ready for anything, and was already eagerly sketching out a plan for the future campaign when suddenly the news arrived that Austria and Prussia had made their peace by signing the convention of Gastein. The key to this sudden turn was that Bismarck was unable to overcome the scruples of his Royal master, whilst he was himself not ready for action. On the other hand, the Emperor of Austria, who was just trying for the first time a serious reconciliation with Hungary, deeply alarmed at Prussia's menacing attitude, had resolved to make a supreme effort to avert the conflict. He had sent Count Blome to Gastein, where the King had gone from Carlsbad, and had offered to sell his "condominium" over Lauenburg for a round sum of money. A separation of the administration of Schleswig and Holstein was also proposed to avoid the recurrence of the misunderstandings which had recently occurred. M. de Bismarck was not inclined to accept these offers, because he thought them insufficient. But the King was as yet not in a mood to quarrel seriously with his nephew; and General Manteuffel, who had signed the secret treaty of February 1864 in Vienna, was heart and soul for maintaining the Austrian alliance. Moreover Count Blome is said to have given mysterious hints that the ultimate settlement of the question might be brought about, and that there might soon be an occasion which would allow Austria to give up with honour her position in the Duchies; the great affair was that both Powers should make common cause against revolution and unbelief. Such language

was very acceptable to King William; Bismarck was compelled to give way, and the Convention of Gastein was drawn up and signed. At an interview of the two sovereigns in Salzburg, which was held to make the reconciliation complete, we have since learned, by the dispatch of Bismarck to Baron Werther dated January 1866, that a crusade against the revolution was agreed upon. Shortly afterwards the two Powers addressed harsh notes to the Senate of Frankfort, declaring that they would no longer tolerate the subversive efforts of a licentious press and of seditious meetings of which Frankfort was the theatre. They blamed the Senate for its culpable indulgence, and expressed a hope that they should not be forced to prevent more serious consequences by interfering on their own account.

The impression which the Convention of Gastein created was generally most unfavourable. Italy accused Prussia of treachery; the Middle States turned in disgust from Prussia, and took their revenge by acknowledging Italy; the Duchies protested that they would not be sold at so much per head; the French Government addressed a circular dispatch to its agents, in which it strongly condemned the Convention. "We regret to find in this combination no other basis but force, no other justification but the convenience of the parceners. This is a practice to which Europe nowadays had got disaccustomed, and one is obliged to look for precedents in the most unfortunate epochs of history. Violence and conquest pervert the notions of right and the conscience of the people." Lord Russell sent a dispatch to his agents at foreign Courts expressed in similar terms.

M. de Bismarck, who was made a Count when the Lauenberg estates paid their homage to the King, found himself in an awkward position. He tried in vain to soothe the wounded susceptibility of the Italian Cabinet, by stating that nothing was decided, and the whole arrangement merely provisional; he encountered distrust on every side; everybody suspected secret articles in the Convention, hiding some dark plan. The English and French fleets met at Cherbourg. But the most painful thing to him was M. Drouyn de Lhuys' circular. He was just about again to refresh his nerves in the genial temperature of Biarritz, but the King forbade the journey, it not being dignified to visit a country whose Government had assumed such a position towards Prussia. Yet Count Bismarck felt the pressing necessity of another interview with the Emperor Napoleon for

the success of his policy. So he secretly sent word to Paris that, as he had important communications to make, the French Government should remove the King's objections to his journey by giving an attenuating interpretation to the circular of August 29th. M. Drouyn de Lhuys complied with this wish. Bismarck obtained with some difficulty the King's consent, and the next morning left for Paris. We are, of course, again at a loss to tell what overtures he made to the Emperor at his second stay at Biarritz; what silent or express encouragements he received. Thus much is, however, certain; he persuaded Napoleon that the Convention of Gastein was only an armistice, that no reconstruction of the Holy Alliance was to be feared; and he obtained in exchange a more or less explicit assurance of the friendly neutrality which France would observe in case of a rupture between Austria and Prussia. Count Bismarck acted with admirable skill in these preliminary conversations. He at once discerned that the Emperor's mind was engrossed by a question more of Italian than of French interest; that he wanted to fulfil his programme, "libre jusqu'à l'Adriatique;" to secure Venetia to Italy without going to war himself, France being sick of expeditions in the interest of others. This favourite aim Bismarck promised to fulfil by an alliance of Prussia with Italy. He saw the Emperor's doubts whether even the two would be a match for Austria, but wisely abstained from dispelling those doubts, though he was perfectly convinced that Austria's power was hollow. He did not impugn the Emperor's idea of Prussia's military inferiority, because, though sure of beating the Austrians, he knew that this belief of Napoleon's was the condition of Prussia's remaining unfettered. No promises of compensation were exacted by the Emperor, because he thought that he should be able to dictate his own terms when the two rivals had well nigh exhausted their strength. From that point of view he wished for the conflict in Germany which was to make him arbiter of Europe, and was afraid lest the scruples of King William should prevent the war. Two years before, the Emperor of the French had said to M. Nigra, "Nous amènerons les Puissances allemandes à se tirer des coups de canon;" and he foresaw (in this respect not unwisely) that the total emancipation of Italy would be the result of the collision. He did considerable service to Bismarck in pushing forward the Italians, who, since Gastein, entertained a deep distrust of Prussia's intentions. He took care to come forward

with the proposition of a Conference only when it was too late. When, shortly before the outbreak, somebody asked the Princess Mathilde, "Aurons nous la guerre en Allemagne?" she answered, "Nous n'osons pas l'espérer."

Count Bismarck came home satisfied with the result of his excursion, and Austria soon gave him an opportunity to open the quarrel. The Emperor Francis Joseph felt that he had been too compliant in Gastein, and refused to proceed against the Senate of Frankfurt; the Imperial lieutenant in Holstein, General Gablenz, was not permitted to govern that province like a pasha or a Prussian. Whilst General Manteuffel ruled in Schleswig with an iron hand, his colleague allowed the inhabitants to do pretty much what they liked, as long as public order was not compromised. In the last days of January 1866, a large popular meeting took place in Altona, where the convocation of the Provincial Estates was energetically asked for. Count Bismarck took this event as a pretext for opening his campaign against Austria. On the 26th he addressed a dispatch to the Prussian Minister in Vienna, Baron Werther, which denounced in the strongest language the aggressive policy of Austria in the Duchies. "In Gastein and Salzburg," he said, "I was entitled to believe that His Majesty the Emperor of Austria and his Ministers agreed with us in the necessity of fighting the one common enemy of both Powers, the revolution. How painfully must not the King our gracious master be impressed in seeing revolutionary tendencies, destructive to every throne, protected by the Austrian double-headed eagle. Must not such impressions weaken the feeling which His Majesty has fostered long ago and affectionately, that both Powers ought to hold together?" This was written three months after Count Bismarck had declared at Biarritz that he was determined upon war, and two months before the secret treaty had been signed with Victor Emmanuel, to whom King William had administered such a severe reprimand for his revolutionary proceedings. The dispatch concluded by summoning peremptorily the Austrian Cabinet to declare whether it was willing to change its policy, so dangerous to monarchical principles, and to revert to a common line with Prussia. No evasive answer could be accepted. If an intimate understanding in all the important political questions could not be obtained, Prussia must resume her complete independence, and use it solely according to her interests.

It may be well believed that Count Mens-

dorff was startled by this extraordinary communication,* and that he immediately left for Pesh to submit it to the Emperor. Austria's answer was extremely moderate. It refuted one by one the Prussian accusations, maintained that Austria had the right to govern Holstein as she thought fit, and declined in a quiet but dignified tone to bind herself as to the future. Count Bismarck declared that he considered this answer as negative, and should abstain from making any further communications relating to the Duchies. A fortnight afterwards the short session of the Prussian Chambers was suddenly closed; the House of Deputies had dared to impugn the legality of a sentence emanating from the Supreme Tribunal, which questioned the liberty of speech in the Legislature. It had further declared that the annexation of Lauenburg was null and void without the sanction of the Chambers. Count Bismarck, who wished not to be molested by embarrassing interpellations in his high-handed policy, at once cut short the proceedings of the deputies and sent them home. Apparently now everything looked calm, but it was the calm before the storm, and a series of little events betrayed the secret activity under the surface. One fine morning Prince Couza was dethroned, and was replaced by Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who before starting as "Mr. Lehmann" on his expedition had asked the advice of Bismarck, and received the answer that to win much, much must be risked. Another day a Cabinet Council was held, to which were summoned Count Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador in Paris, General Manteuffel, the Governor of Schleswig, and the leading military men. Then again the papers reported that an Italian general was on his way to Berlin to study the system of the needle-gun. On the 11th of March a Royal decree was published, menacing with severe punishment any person attacking the sovereign rights of Prussia and Austria in the two Duchies or either of them. Count Karolyi was instructed to ask the Prussian Premier if he had the intention to break the Convention of Gastein? "No," was the answer, "but if I had that intention should I answer you otherwise?"

It was only natural that Austria should feel alarmed at such indications of a coming conflict; neither could she be doubtful as to Bismarck's intentions. Count Karolyi had already in January expressed his conviction to his Government that war was unavoidable. But nobody in Vienna measured the

* Count Bismarck, in his circular of March 24, called it conciliatory in substance and friendly in form.

magnitude of the danger; still less was a statesman at hand to encounter it with a clear eye and a firm hand. The Austrian Government at that moment had still cards in hand by which it might well have trumped those which Bismarck flung upon the table. Italy had deeply resented Prussia's conduct at Gastein, and would have been only too happy to come to a direct understanding with Austria for the cession of Venice. Such an understanding would at the same time have deprived Bismarck of his only ally and of Napoleon's conditional sympathies. But the confidential overtures which the Cabinet of Florence caused to be made in Vienna were rejected. The Emperor refused to yield on a question of military honour. A dispatch addressed by Count Mensdorff to the Ambassadors in London and Paris declared that Austria would rather encounter a double war than cede one of her most important provinces either for money or under a moral pressure. The other string which Austria was able to pull with effect was King William and the Court party. The King might be dissatisfied with Austria, but he had not forgotten the traditions of a long life. His father had recommended on his deathbed the maintenance of the union with Austria and Russia; the Court and the *Kreuzzeitung* party were strongly in favour of the Austrian Alliance, and shuddered at the idea of a compact with sacrilegious Italy. It was Bismarck's most arduous task to neutralize the efforts of this party, supported by the Queen Dowager, and to bring his Royal master, as he himself irreverently termed it, to the edge of the ditch which he would have to jump. The most powerful partisan of the Austrian alliance had been General Manteuffel. Bismarck had been obliged to yield to his influence at Gastein, but he had at the same time managed to get rid of his rival by sending him as Governor of Schleswig, where the General soon made himself ridiculous by his speeches, and odious by his arbitrary rule. He then worked upon the King's mind by representing Austria as bent upon a war of extermination against Prussia; he alleged her conduct in the Frankfort affair as treacherous, her government in Holstein as revolutionary; he provoked the Austrian press by every insult in his semi-official press, and when the Vienna journalists answered in a similar tone he showed their articles to the King, who knew nothing of the attack, as a proof of the dark designs of the Imperial Cabinet. In this way he convinced his master that Austria was conspiring against his military honour with the Middle States and Liberalism. Neverthe-

less, King William remained averse to war, and in the Cabinet there was scarcely one Minister siding openly with Bismarck. In this situation Austria had only to observe a completely passive attitude. It was Bismarck's intention to provoke her; consequently it was her interest not to notice his provocations, and to maintain strictly a strong position within the circle of her rights. But Bismarck was right when, beginning his campaign, he said that he relied for success on Austria's faults. The Cabinet of Vienna did exactly what he wished. Alarmed by the menacing symptoms in Berlin, it began slowly to arm, to displace troops in Bohemia, and to negotiate with the Middle States. Bismarck, of course, denounced this indignantly in his newspapers, and soon afterwards in a circular dispatch to the German Governments, which represented the situation as most critical, declared the German Confederation as totally unequal to the emergency, and asked how far Prussia could rely on their support in case he should be attacked by Austria, or forced to go to war by unmistakable menaces? At the same time he obtained leave from the King to resume his negotiations with Italy. In the beginning of March General Govone arrived in Berlin, in order to negotiate a treaty of alliance. In these negotiations with Italy Count Bismarck showed great ability. His task was most difficult, for the repugnance of the Court and even of the King to this alliance was still great. The Prussian generals had justly a very indifferent opinion of the Transalpine army; nevertheless its co-operation was necessary in order to divide the Austrian forces. But the Prussian alliance was still more necessary to Italy. A quarrel between the two German Powers was the only means by which Venetia could be gained. General Govone was well aware of this, and of the difficulties which Bismarck encountered in high quarters; more than once he gave his cause up for lost, and at last, in order to carry it, felt himself obliged to make such concessions that the treaty, which, after many vacillations, was signed on the 8th of April, could scarcely be regarded as a bilateral contract. Prussia reserved to herself the right for the three following months to declare war against Austria, and in that case Italy was obliged to attack Venetia, but there was no corresponding obligation on Prussia's side to assist Italy in an attack on Austria, or even if attacked by her. So Italy was fettered, and Prussia remained free to act as she thought fit; she might either use her alliance against Austria or

make a new Convention of Gastein. The war once declared, the two Powers were bound not to make any separate treaty of peace and to continue hostilities till Italy should have obtained Venetia, and Prussia an equivalent territory in Germany. With the signature of this treaty the Venetian card was lost for Austria, and it was of no avail that shortly before the outbreak of the war she ceded this province by a secret treaty to France. Italy had bound up her destinies with those of Prussia, and could not accept the cession without the consent of her ally. Some days after the signature of this offensive alliance against Austria, Count Bismarck continued, with consummate impudence and perfidy, to protest that the sentiments of the King his master were friendly to the Emperor, and to complain that Austria was meditating an attack on the Prussian dominion!

The treaty of April 8 was, of course, an immense gain for Bismarck; nevertheless his cause was not won. Germany was indignant at the prospect of a fratricidal war; the Prussian people protested by energetic demonstrations against the pernicious policy of the great disturber of peace. The project of federal reform, which Bismarck proposed at the Diet (April 9), and which sought to win the democratic party by proclaiming universal suffrage, fell flat, and was considered only as a *ruse de guerre*. In the French Chambers M. Thiers denounced the ambition of Prussia in an eloquent speech, and asked the Government to put a stop to a policy so perilous to the peace of Europe. The majority generally, so obedient to M. Rouher's voice, was evidently in sympathy with the speaker of the Opposition, and the Minister of State obtained with great difficulty a vote which left the matter to the discretion of the Government. The Middle States also caused Bismarck considerable perplexity. He was well aware of the magnitude of the coming struggle, and wished to obtain as many allies as possible; he knew that Saxony would side with Austria, but he tried hard to win over Hanover and Bavaria. He offered, by his reform project, to Bavaria the military leadership in the South, and did his best to obtain the neutrality of Hanover, which would disengage 20,000 Prussian troops. He invited Count Platen to Berlin, who was treated with the utmost consideration by the Court, and at that time promised to remain neutral. Last, not least, King William caused great embarrassment to his Minister; when things became awkward, and war imminent, the King scrupled to present himself before

the world as the ally of Victor Emmanuel, the more so as he was afraid that France would still intervene. The German sovereigns made serious representations to him; the leaders of the *Kreuzzeitung* party were indignant that a man whom they had nurtured in their bosom should desert all their principles.

Bismarck at that epoch not only had misgivings as to his final success, but more than once feared a total failure of all his plans. But two powerful aids came to his rescue. The one was his secret friend of Biarritz, who, afraid that after all there would be no war, no cession of Venetia, no place for a French umpire, made the famous speech of Auxerre against the treaties of 1815 just when affairs began to slacken at Berlin. The other auxiliary was Austria herself, by the incessant faults which she committed. Of the long series of her blunders we will only name two. In the last days of May the three neutral Powers—Russia, France, and England—made an official attempt to prevent war, by proposing a Conference in Paris. We will leave the question open how far the proposal was sincere on the part of Napoleon, but it was made, and comprised the affair of the Duchies, the Italian difficulty, and the German federal reforms, as far as they could interest the balance of Europe. Of the three contending Powers, Austria alone had an interest in attending this Conference, because she wanted nothing. What position should Prussia and Italy take? Could they simply declare that they wanted Venetia and the Duchies? If they had done so, Austria would have asked by what right, and for what compensation? Bismarck, of course, discovered this at once, and was thunderstruck when he learnt that Austria had accepted the invitation; but the Vienna Government helped to extricate him out of this difficulty. Count Moritz Esterhazy, who at that time had a most unlucky influence, persuaded the Emperor to make it a previous condition that every solution should be excluded from the deliberations which would give to any of the parties in question a territorial aggrandisement. Before this condition the project of a Conference fell to the ground. But even then Bismarck was at a loss how, and under what pretext, to begin the war. Austria was good enough to give him that pretext too, by introducing the affair of the Duchies at the Diet, and summoning the other States to her assistance, though she was perfectly unprepared to open the campaign. Bismarck

was not slow to perceive this advantage; he immediately gave notice that he should consider the passing of the ill-advised Austrian motion as a *casus belli*, and forthwith invade the territories of his adversaries. He had at last obtained that for which he had struggled so long; he had compelled his King to break up the traditional alliance, to make common cause with the revolution, and to proclaim universal suffrage. "This," he said to a friend before starting for the Bohemian headquarters, "is more than what remains for me to do; we shall conquer, or I shall fall with the last charge of cavalry."

We have not here to follow the prodigious seven days' campaign which culminated in the victory of Sadowa. It may suffice to say, that however severe the judgment of history must be on the means by which Count Bismarck brought about the contest, the result completely justified his calculations as to the military and political success of his designs. He had discerned that the power of Austria and the Middle States was hollow; and he always felt confident that Prussia would be able to strike a decisive blow before France, unprepared as she was for war,* could intervene. He staked all upon one card; but he won the game. The ultimate gain even greatly surpassed his expectations. His aim had been the exclusion of Austria from Germany, and the territorial aggrandisement of Prussia. But he would have been satisfied in obtaining the Elbe Duchies and the Electorate of Hesse, which separated the two halves of the Prussian monarchy; he had not contemplated the annexation of Hanover, but rather that of Saxony, and of a northern district of Bohemia. The most galling result of the French intervention, which led to the preliminaries of Nickolsburg, was to him the territorial integrity of Saxony. On the other hand, the acceptance of the line of the Main cost him little or nothing. The division of Germany into North and South had always formed part of his plans; he wanted to rule supreme in the North, and knew that he could never annex Bavaria and Wurtemberg. The accession of the South to his new confederation would have tended to establish a counterpoise between Prussia and the other members of that body. This did not suit him; he wanted, not confederates, but vassals. He was

obliged to leave Saxony untouched, but he did not wish to have in his Federal Council more states of such importance. He sought to strengthen his military position for any future emergency by securing the Southern armies; this was done by secret treaties with Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden. He felt the necessity of reconstructing the Zollverein on somewhat improved conditions. But for the rest, he little cared for the South, as long as it remained independent of Austria. He made no difficulty to re-establish in the treaty of Prague the clause which France had asked for, and which had been omitted in the preliminaries of Nickolsburg, that the Southern States should enjoy an international independent position. With these reserves, which rather apply to his general political views, it must be acknowledged that throughout the negotiations in July and August he showed the most consummate skill. He combined boldness and energy with foresight and prudence. He strained the bow sometimes hard enough, but he did not overstrain it, and showed himself moderate towards those of his adversaries whom he was not decided to crush. He had had difficulty enough to make his Royal master "jump," but once started, he had scarcely less difficulty to stop the King, who, elated by victory, now thought everything possible. He firmly withstood every encroachment of France, and gave unhesitating and peremptory refusal when M. Benedetti asked for the frontiers of 1814. After the interview at Salzburg, he boldly affirmed by his dispatch of September 7, 1867, the right of Germany to remain master of her destinies, and has successfully baffled every attempt of Napoleon to form an alliance against Prussia; but he took care not to wound his susceptibility without absolute necessity.

It is from this point of view that his conduct in the Luxemburg question must be judged, which has, as we think, unjustly been reproached with bad faith. He had, it is true, directed the attention of the French Government to this province, which by the new configuration of Germany had become in a certain way masterless. He considered it as a convenient compensation, which might reconcile France with the new order of things on the other side of the Rhine. He had even, late in 1866, assured M. Benedetti that he would do nothing to oppose the annexation of Luxemburg, and that he would make Germany swallow this pill. But at the same time he had given distinct warning that the affair ought to be speedily settled, that it ought to be an accomplished fact before the meeting of the

* Strange as it may appear, we have it on the best authority that the then French Minister at War, Marshal Raydon, was not able at that moment to have placed 100,000 effective fighting men on the Rhine.

North-German Parliament, and that, if the matter came to be publicly discussed, he should be forced to protest against it. This warning, which was the condition of his acquiescence, was neglected; the negotiations between Holland and France dragged on; the King of Holland wavered and consulted the Prussian Minister; the affair became public just when the German Parliament was deliberating in the first blush of patriotic enthusiasm. An open consent to the annexation of a German district to France then became impossible for Bismarck; so he took a position of reserved resistance, but accepted the proposed neutralization, by which a retreat was rendered possible to the Emperor. He did so in opposition to public opinion, which considered this solution humiliating, and against the advice of the Prussian generals, who maintained that the conflict with France was unavoidable, and that no more favourable opportunity would ever occur for asserting Prussian supremacy. Bismarck was, of course, aware that at that time France was still ill-prepared for war, but he considered a conflict between the two Powers as an immense calamity, and refused again to stake everything on the uncertain issue of a battle. Time alone can show whether his hope, that war might be avoided, was right, but it is just to state the merits of the case as they really stand. His general policy has indeed since 1866 been as peaceful as it was bent upon war before. Hitherto he has successfully striven to smooth away every obstacle, to dispel every cloud rising on the European horizon. When in November 1868 affairs on the Lower Danube took a threatening aspect, Bismarck sent a rough message to his *protégé* Prince Charles of Roumania, requiring the immediate dismissal of Bratiano, and the unruly Minister retired. He afterwards took the initiative of proposing a Conference in Paris, which prevented the conflict between Turkey and Greece. The humiliation of King George was most unpalatable to Russia, Bismarck's sole ally, but he did not heed that, because it was the only means of securing peace.

It is yet too early to pass a sentence on the positive result of the great struggle of 1866. We think that the exclusion of Austria from German affairs is final, and we consider the hopes of restoration which the dethroned princes still entertain as perfectly chimerical. They have amply deserved the fate they met with; the wave of events has passed over their heads, and they will not emerge again. But, taking these two points for granted, the state of Germany is merely provisional. A confederation like

the North-German, of which one State of twenty-five millions forms four-fifths, and all the rest, comprising together less than five millions, the remaining fifth, is a thing which cannot last. The Federal Council is a mockery, Prussia rules supreme in it; and if the representative of another State ventures the slightest attempt to assert its independence he is covered with abuse, as lately happened to Herr Hofmann, the Hessian plenipotentiary. No country can bear more than one great Parliamentary Assembly, but Germany at present has three; the Prussian Chambers, the Northern Reichstag, and the Customs' Parliament. One cripples the functions of the other, and each being competent only for certain branches of legislation is powerless for all the rest, whilst the members are worn out by the fatigue of sessions, which last nine months, and the public is getting tired of listening to interminable debates. There is no responsible Ministry in Prussia. Count Eulenburg and his colleagues, though despised and beaten in nearly every division of the House of Deputies remain quietly in their places. Bismarck is at once President of the Prussian Ministry and Federal Chancellor. In this latter capacity he is, according to the Constitution, alone responsible; he refuses to accept any colleague; but this responsibility exists merely on paper, there is no power to enforce it. The supreme direction of Foreign Affairs has been transferred to the Confederation, but its members retain the right of legation. We see Saxon Ministers in London and in Paris by the side of the North German Ambassadors.

But the most perplexing question is, what is to become of the Southern States? They cannot remain for any length of time in their present isolation, and yet they do not know which way to turn. A union with Austria is out of the question, because it would be contrary to the Treaty of Prague, and would be opposed by Hungary. The famous Southern League, which re-appears like the sea-serpent from time to time in Bavarian papers, is impossible, because Wurtemberg and Baden will never submit to the leadership of Munich. Baden would fain enter the Northern Confederation, but Count Bismarck will not listen to her offers. Wurtemberg and Bavaria declare that there can be no question of their acceding to the Confederation, in consequence of the unitarian tendency of its Constitution and Legislation. The present state of Germany may fairly be called a collection of anomalies, complicated by an extremely awkward situation out of doors, where France and Austria are lying jealously in wait. We know,

indeed, too well, that politics are not governed by logic, and that a condition of things which seems to defy all reasonable predictions often may last for a long while. Nor do we presume to prophesy when a crisis will come, or what direction it will give to the future fate of Germany; but we maintain that it will come sooner or later, and that we have as yet seen only the first act of the great drama when the curtain fell after Sadowa.

As regards Count Bismarck's part in future transactions, we feel considerable confidence as far as his foreign policy is concerned, but very great distrust for all internal questions. What human foresight, cunning reserve, and daring energy can do to frustrate the plans of the enemies of Prussia, he will certainly do. But this defence will only protect the approaches to the fortress, and we have little trust in his ability to finish the inside of the building. The reason of this disbelief is his hatred of real liberty and his incapacity for internal administration. His imperious nature rebels against all control. The King he must endure, and he manages him with wonderful dexterity, divining the rising thoughts of the Royal mind; but he will not have a second and real task-master, and therefore declares that parliamentary responsibility is contrary to Prussian traditions. Nor can his introduction of universal suffrage be alleged in favour of his having popular principles; he had seen by the example of France that it was long found to be consistent with an uncontrolled executive; it corrupted the mass of the people with a show of liberty by withholding real power from the intelligent part of the community. On his accession to office the Berlin Punch "*Kladderadatsch*," published a caricature representing Bismarck taking leave of Napoleon, who said to him "Now mind you show that you have learnt something in my school." There was much truth in this; he had indeed well learnt the lesson which the Second Empire had seemed to convey to him, and his character is in many points similar to that of the present Emperor. We find both inclined to think more of ends than of means, alike unscrupulous as to the paths and measures by which they may achieve their purposes; with this difference, that in Louis Napoleon the propelling force is rather quiet and tough volition, in Bismarck vehement self-will. Both have a strong leaning to secret plotting and intrigues in their foreign policies; they want to achieve great things in war and peace by Cabinet conspiracies. Both are above all possessed with the same funda-

mental idea in politics, that of basing the throne of absolute power on universal suffrage. They recognize in the ignorance, the passion, the excitable prejudice or the stagnant stupidity of the masses, their natural allies, their surest supporters, the strongest foundation of their power. Democracy is at the root of their system, autocracy at the summit. The middle classes in all countries, which furnish the largest contingent of the advocates of really liberal principles, are to be presented and ridiculed as "egotistical bourgeois." It is this fundamental idea which makes both these remarkable men so prone to socialist opinions. Louis Napoleon's writings in that sense are known. Bismarck had held friendly intercourse with Lassalle, and proposed to that agitator a league with the Conservative party against the "*Fortschritts*" party, and Herr Wagner, his Parliamentary jackal, is constantly coquetting with the Socialist members of the Reichstag, praising Lassalle as a great, unappreciated man. Napoleon and Bismarck have both a keen and attentive eye for the material wants of the people. The Emperor introduced Free Trade in France; to the Prussian Premier Germany is indebted for many useful economical reforms, which he carried in spite of his feudal friends. But he is as little inclined as the French potentate had been, previous to the great concessions which were extorted from him in August by the result of the last elections, to grant unrestrained liberty to the press, or to accept an effective Parliamentary control, and he thinks himself a better judge of what suits the country than all the rest of the community.

To govern is, according to his ideas, to command, and parliamentary government is to command with a flourish of speeches and debates which should always end in a happy subservieny with the ruling Minister. This arbitrary disposition is of course strengthened by his success of 1866; but he will be grievously deceived in believing that only stubborn resolution is wanted to triumph again. He is a man of the type of Richelieu and Pombal, but this style of statesmanship is rather out of place in our century, at least for obtaining a lasting success.

We cannot therefore consider him as a really great statesman, though he has certainly gifts of the highest order. He is a first-rate diplomatist and negotiator. No man can captivate more adroitly those he wants to win; nobody knows better to strike at the right moment, or to wait when the tide is running in his favour. His

personal courage is great, physically as well as morally; he shrinks before nothing conducive to his end. He is not naturally eloquent, but his speeches are generally impressive and full of terse argument. He is a capital companion in society, witty, genial, sparkling in his conversation. His private life is pure; nobody has accused him of having used his high position for his pecuniary advantage. It is natural that such qualities, backed by an indomitable will, a strong belief in himself, and an originally robust constitution, should achieve much. But by the side of these virtues the darker shades are not wanting. We will not reproach him with ambition; it is natural that such a man should be ambitious. But his ambition goes far to identify the interests of his country with his own personal power. Everything is personal with him; he never forgets a slight, and persecutes people who have offended him with the most unworthy malice. His strong will degenerates frequently into absurd obstinacy; he is feared by his subordinates, but we never heard that anybody loved him. Driven into a strait, his courage becomes the reckless daring of the gambler who stakes everything on one card. He can tell the very reverse of the truth with an amazing coolness; still oftener he will tell the plain truth when he knows that he will not be believed. He is a great comedian, per-

forming admirably the part he chooses to play. He knows how to flatter his interlocutors by assuming an air of genuine admiration for their talents; they leave him charmed by his condescension, whilst he laughs at the fools who took his fine words for solid cash. His contempt of men is profound; he dislikes independence, though he probably respects it. There is not a single man of character left in the Ministry or the more important places of the Civil Service. Few things or persons exist at which he would not venture a sneer.

At present he has chosen to retire, for an indefinite period, from a perplexing situation which he has himself created. Nobody can tell in what direction he is going to steer his vessel. He likes to strike the imagination of the public by sudden resolutions. Nobody can prophesy what will be the final result of the great political experiment upon which he has entered, for it depends on the working of so many different factors that even the boldest will scarcely venture to calculate the issue. We have simply tried in these pages to give an outline of his past life and career; and, incomplete as it must be, we should be surprised if our general appreciation of this extraordinary man is not borne out by the facts which the future historian of Prussia and of Europe will have to relate.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE sudden death of Professor Conington has entailed a severe loss not merely upon Oxford University, where his encouragement and friendship were open to every youth of promise who came thither, but upon the literary world. At the age of forty-four, when he died, Mr. Conington had achieved a combination probably unique, at least in England, of scholarly with literary attainment: a combination, the result of which was apparent, as well in the variety of his works as in their general character, and the style of their execution. Before his election to the Oxford Professorship of Latin in 1854, he had published a spirited translation of the *Agamemnon* (1848), and a Preface to Dr. Maginn's *Homeric Ballads* (1850). In 1857 he brought out an edition of the *Choephore*, probably the completest of his contributions to classical literature. In 1858 appeared the first volume of an edition of *Virgil* for Mr. Long's *Bibliotheca Classica*; in 1863 a classical and poetical verse translation of the *Odes of Horace*, as well as

the second volume of the *Virgil*. A translation of the *Æneid* into the ballad-metre of Scott (the most generally known of all his works) followed in 1867; in 1868 he had completed the late Mr. Worsley's Spenserian translation of the *Iliad*. Shortly before his death he published a translation (in the heroic couplet) of Horace's *Satires and Epistles*. The third volume of the *Virgil* is now going through the press.

Of his occasional papers, perhaps the most valuable in a philological point of view is an article on the second collection of the Fables of Babrius (*Rheinisches Museum*, 1861), in which he refutes the pretensions of a forged *Codex Athous*, which had imposed on Sir Cornewall Lewis. A short paper in the *Hermes* (1867) upon a curious point in Greek popular physiology should be read by all students of the Greek plays. Several of his emendations in the fragments of the Greek tragedians may be found in Nauck's edition. The essay on Pope (*Oxford Essays*, 1858) is an interesting contribution to the study of English literature.

Academy.

CHAPTER VII.

REGRETS AND FOLLIES.

WHEN Childersleigh found himself at last alone with his blighted hopes, free to chew the cud of his disappointment, he scarcely made the use of his opportunities that might have been expected. True, he kept telling himself over and over again that he was ruined instead of rich; but although his mind took in the sense of the words, it was slow to follow them out to their consequences. Yet, as we said, such philosophy as he possessed came chiefly of the lower teachings of an Epicurean school, dashed by a bastard cynicism. His whole life had been a practice of the faith that in pleasure lies the chief good—or, in other words, that bother of any sort is unmixed evil. The painful excitement of the day had left him partly stupefied and partly intoxicated. Perhaps, too, the latent elasticity of his nature was already asserting itself in the bracing atmosphere of serious trouble. In spite of his grave personal pre-occupations he was surprised to find his thoughts still occupying themselves with the sorrows of Lucy Winter; thence, by easy transition, they went flying away to Maude Childersleigh; and then, no less naturally, came back again to their starting-point in the altered fortunes that had lifted her beyond his reach.

It is easy to say that it would have been weak and pitiable, utterly beneath the dignity of a man in the full vigour of his prime, and with many a point still in his favour, to be crushed under a mere monetary disappointment. Training has to the full as much to do with these things as constitution, and the training of Childersleigh had been grovellingly practical, such as taught him to see mountains in the molehills of the loftier moralist. Say what you like, it hits a Sybarite hard when, just as he is starting on the journey of life in a postchaise, with well-filled purse, all his little comforts about him, and possibly a fair companion of congenial tastes by his side, he is told to get out and foot it alone, working, or worse still, begging his solitary way. Possibly the time may come when he may own the trial to have been all for the best, as he finds the vigorous health and appetite that wait on honest work, but at first he may surely claim some credit if he resign himself, with even a semblance of philosophy, to his altered circumstances.

Having tired out his body in the Regent's Park, while his thoughts all the time went dancing hither and thither—chiefly from Hampstead to Harley Street—tossing about like straws in a whirlwind, at last he turned

his face homeward to the "Albany." The inquisitive Sams, as he brought in the hot water, could gather little from his master's face, and puzzled himself over the curt rejection of his services and his abrupt dismissal.

"Ang me if I know what to make of it!" he confided to his ally, Mr. Roper, General Sir George Gruff's man, whom he found lounging against the door-post, sunning himself in what hazy light came filtering down, and looking out for treasure-trove in the way of gossip. "'Ang me if I know what to make of it! If it were any one else, I'd make sure he'd bin and found himself out of the will; but the governor's a queer sort, and you never know where to 'ave 'im. I'd step up and try and pump the people in 'Arley Street; but if he was to chance to hear of me there, I should get the sack and no mistake."

Meanwhile the object of his valet's anxiety was wending his way to his club. Of the half-dozen establishments he belonged to, he chose the most exclusive, as the one where he ran the least risk of being troubled by acquaintances. Once he had thought of having dinner quietly in his rooms, but he shrunk from the desolate companionship of his own cheerless thoughts. Then it had occurred to him to seek some out-of-the-way dining-place where he could look on at life without being forced to mix in it; but he dismissed the idea as a humiliating yielding to weakness, a fatal precedent when there was an abundance of unpleasantness before him that must of necessity be faced and lived down.

"If the bull's to be taken by the horns, it had better be done at once, and it will never do to begin a hard fight by giving in. I shall dine at 'Light's.'" And so to "Light's" he went.

Not a soul in the coffee-room except a couple of men whom he did not even know by sight—Chesterton Sloper, who never looked you in the face when he could help it, and always slunk about the house as if he had got some of the plate in his pocket; Harrington, the most reserved of men, who perched high on the permanent staff of the Foreign Office; and old Boresby. To be sure, Boresby was the least welcome vision that could have greeted him, or would have been, had he not been half prepared for it. For Boresby never goes out of town, thinking with old Q. that empty as London may be, there are always more people to be button-holed there than in the country. Every day in the year he dines at one or other of his clubs, and studying the names on the dinner-bills beforehand, selects his daily vic-

time in summer from the luckless birds of passage.

"God bless me, Childersleigh, you here! what a piece of luck! Thought you were in Germany; sure I heard of you there the other day. Just looked in at 'Doodle's,' and I give you my solemn word of honour there was not a man dining but old Brounker, the greatest nuisance in the world — deaf as a post, even if he didn't jabber so fast that he never gives you a chance of making him hear. Besides, the house smells of whitewash, and they had no grouse soup; so I came on here, and very glad I am. We'll dine together, eh? what do you say? and have a magnum of Cutler's Lafite afterwards."

But Hugh, forearmed as he was, called to mind a weakness of the enemy.

"Nothing I'd like better, Boresby. You're not a man that minds infection I know, but it's fair to tell you there's been illness and a death in the house where I've been passing the afternoon."

Boresby jerked away the hand he had laid in friendly appropriation on Hugh's shoulder, and started back with a lightness highly creditable to a man of his weight and habits.

"By Jove! I remember now. Hestercombe was talking of it only yesterday. It's that monstrous rich old aunt of yours, I suppose? He said you had come into 20,000*l.* a year, or something like that. Well, I wish you joy; but what was it carried her off?" And Boresby stood at gaze at arms' length, frightened from Childersleigh by fear of death, drawn to him by taste for gossip and respect for wealth.

"It was very sudden," rejoined Childersleigh, ignoring the first part of his friend's speech, which gave him as sharp a twinge as any he had experienced yet; "and, after all, I should never forgive myself if anything happened to you by my imprudence, so I'll take myself off into quarantine at that table in the corner."

Boresby looked after him, hesitated, shook his head, and doubtless deciding in favour of prudence, toddled from the room. Childersleigh seated himself and meditated too. Congratulations like Boresby's were just the things he had to make up his mind to confront, and he found they hurt him more than he had feared. For the time he forgot the grave results of his disappointment in the petty annoyances it was likely to bring on him. Sensitive and proud, knowing the world and his own particular set, he was quite aware of the turn his kind friends would give his little history. He could face ridicule, but he shrunk from pity.

The one you can combat or bear down, the other you must submit to whether you like or not. He imagined the more tender-hearted and thoughtful of his acquaintances dismissing him contemptuously with a "poor devil," while enemies and the envious would laugh openly at the baffled fortune-hunter, who had pinned his hopes on an old woman's humours, only to be tricked and sold after all.

"Fancy old Boresby there, rolling himself from club to club, from smoking-room to dining-room, repeating all their lies for gospel, pledging his word for them, and making it his particular business to write circulars on my affairs to old fogies in half the country-houses of England."

In such a frame of mind he made short work of his dinner, and the beef might have been mutton for all he knew or cared. He felt thoroughly restless. He gulped down two or three glasses of sherry, made his way to the smoking-room, swallowed a cup of scalding coffee, smoked half a cigar by fits and starts, flung it away, and took refuge in the library, where he buried himself in an arm-chair, while the lines of the magazine in his hand danced before his eyes, and his thoughts went back again, whirling round in the old circles. Then in a morbid apprehension that his long immunity from intrusion must come to an unhappy end if he lingered, he seized suddenly on his hat and rushed into the streets. There he wandered about with no more definite idea than to keep moving, till midnight found him dead beat in mind and body, opening his door with the latch-key.

Any troubles that may beset you are pretty sure to settle down in clouds on your mind at your very first awakening. If you have burned your fingers the night before at unlimited loo, gone a little farther than you intended with that very fascinating girl you took down to supper, or caught a rap over the fingers for going too far and too fast — shadows of the sort fall on you in a waking nightmare, long before you have disentangled a single idea for your morning use. Like the Ginnee the Persian fisherman freed from the jar, they envelop you in a vague mist before they shape themselves into a palpable horror. Childersleigh had matter enough for gloomy thought, and from the point of view in which he lay contemplating his position, everything seemed hopelessly dismal. If a ray of light did come struggling in, it was by the chink that opened at the prospect of an interview with Maude. What he hoped from the meeting he scarcely knew, and had he dared to reason it out, no parts of his future would

have shown blacker than those that she had brightened in his Channel dreams. While he had a good position and better expectations he had chosen to dally over asking her hand; his indifference had kept their love-making within the bounds of simple flirtation; and did he mean to cast himself at her feet now that he was well nigh penniless? As she had said, he was the last man in the world to stoop to being accepted in charity; to being pensioned by his wife and patronized by her family; and his blood boiled at the mere thought of courting rebuff from Sir Basil or inviting the sneer of Purkiss.

It was only the day before that he had absolutely told himself that he was in love with Maude — for a few hours merely that he had counted on her as his own. Yet now, awakening to all its charms just as it ceased to be his, he half persuaded himself, he was a much-injured individual on the eve of being robbed of a long-cherished possession; while most inconsistently he cursed the folly that had not secured her long before.

Getting up was an effort, and dressing an unspeakable trouble. He was feverishly impatient too, although he knew he could not show himself at Hampstead with any decency before eleven. Time after time he rang for breakfast; and when it did come up he scarcely trifled with it, although he cooled his hot palate with glass upon glass of light claret. He bribed the driver of his cab to extra speed, and grumbled at him for not going fast enough, although the man had sprung his horse over the stones of Portland Place, and the sergeant on the beat had only been deterred by the heat from pulling him up for furious driving. As it was, they were at the top of Hampstead Hill full half-an-hour too soon. Hugh strolled on to the Heath, pulling out his watch every five minutes with growing disgust at the lagging hands. In short, his whole conduct was as unlike the imperturbable self-possession he usually prided himself on as could well be conceived. He knew it, and thoroughly ashamed he was of it all the time, — the more so that, for once in his life, he felt utterly unequal to a struggle with his feelings; and, at last, fairly throwing them the reins, chafingly conscious of his helplessness, he left them to hurry him whither they would.

In this rational frame of mind, not in the least knowing what he hoped, and yet vaguely hoping a great deal, he stretched some minutes in his favour, and pulled the bell by the lofty gateway in the high wall of "The Cedars."

"Sir Basil at home, Mrs. Brown?"

The portress looked surprised and hurt that after so long an absence the visitor should not have begun with inquiries after herself and her own domestic concerns; but if she had wished to take vengeance for the neglect she could not have annoyed him more effectually than by her answer.

"Yes, Mr. Childersleigh, he's at home, and not very well. He doesn't go to the City at all to-day, leastways he sent to stop the carriage?"

This was a *contretemps* Hugh had never counted on. Habitually father and son moved off eastwards after breakfast with much the same regularity and punctuality as the sun directed his course in the opposite direction. He had reckoned as absolutely on a *tête-à-tête* with Maude as if it had been a business appointment for eleven with Purkiss. But the events and agitation of the day before had fallen on Sir Basil's nerves and temper. For the first time for years he had breakfasted in his room; had come down afterwards fretfully irritable, and buried himself away from his kind in his library. Hugh had nothing for it but to ask if he were visible, and although there was, perhaps, no one in the world the banker would have made less welcome at the moment, he preferred submitting to the infliction himself to leaving his daughter to do the honours to the visitor.

Hugh walked up to his chair with two-stretched hand.

"I'm sorry to find you an invalid, Sir Basil. I fear it is no trifle keeps you from Lombard Street?"

Sir Basil rose stiffly, and holding *The Times* between his finger and thumb, gave the visitor the rest of the hand to do what he liked with. But the very faintest pressure on his part responded to that of Hugh, and altogether it was a most irritating greeting.

"Yes, Hugh — Mr. Childersleigh. Yesterday was a very trying day to me, as it must have been to any of your family. We had all hoped to see it replace you in the position you are entitled to."

Sir Basil was certainly not bound to analyze the causes of his illness; but in condescending on them, it must be confessed he was the reverse of candid.

"Perhaps I bore up better myself, Sir Basil, that I was so utterly unconscious of having forfeited it," rejoined Hugh, drawing himself up.

"Not forfeited it! Do you mean to tell me your place or means are those that befit the head of *my* family? What your present income may be I do not profess to know; but as your former guardian I can guess it;

and as your near relative, and an old man of the world, I have a right to speak out if any one has."

"I don't know that any one has. As a relative of mine and Miss Childersleigh's, I am sure your annoyance is quite untinged with selfishness, and I am grateful indeed for the consideration with which you try to lighten my disappointment. As my former guardian you may be aware I am not personally responsible for all my embarrassments, and as a man of the world you must know there is a good deal to be said in extenuation of those I plead guilty to."

"Pshaw, sir, only see how things have turned out."

"Very true, Sir Basil. If good fortune is the test of one's deserts, I am sure I have little to say for mine. If those circumstances over which I had no control had turned out differently, I am convinced I might have trusted my failings to your lenient consideration."

"All I say is — and your uncle, Lord Hestercombe, was saying very much the same thing — that you have pushed imprudence to recklessness and run folly to insanity —"

"I have no doubt my uncle judges me quite as fairly and kindly as you do," interposed Hugh.

"— And parted with Childersleigh," continued Sir Basil, not heeding the interruption; "for that must follow I suppose — Childersleigh's sold to Marxby or some of those confounded fellows that found their money-bags in a navvy's wheelbarrow. That's the very worst of all, Hugh!"

"Upon my word, Sir Basil," said Hugh, slightly touched by the last ejaculation and the use of his own Christian name, and holding out his hand again, — "upon my word, you might give me credit for feeling as deeply there as you can possibly do. But Childersleigh shall never go if I can help it; and if go it must, why should it pass from the family? You have money enough in your branch, I am glad to think; and although there is little enough left in mine, as far as I am concerned it is not a trifle that shall stand in the way of your having the place."

"And how far are you concerned?" snapped Sir Basil, ignoring utterly the proffered hand. "It would take a fancy price to pay off the bare mortgages. Why, when Marxby, years ago, advanced that last 5,000*l.*, it was only as, he said, because the price would cover it if the park were to go for building lots. My buying Childersleigh would be paying through the nose for your extravagance; a sheer sinking of capi-

tal to no purpose, for I'd far sooner have seen the place in your hands than mine."

Nettled by this reception of his second advance, Hugh was on the brink of a retort about family affections tried by a money standard, that would have touched Sir Basil in his tenderest point, when, fortunately perhaps, the sight of Maude as she walked past the windows stopped him in time, and before the angry dialogue led on to an open quarrel. He swallowed down his intended speech, and with a "But I fear I tire you, Sir Basil, and I see Maude — Miss Childersleigh — on the lawn; if you'll allow me, I'll go and shake hands with her;" without waiting an answer, he stepped through the open window. Sir Basil made a motion as if to rise and follow, but he was too proud to seem to play the spy on his daughter, and too shrewd to believe his presence could hinder mischief, if mischief there were to be. As it chanced, he could not have acted more wisely for his own wishes. Hugh crossed the lawn, smarting and chafing, ready to scent out slights everywhere, and disposed to be grossly unjust without any grounds at all.

Whether she had known he was in the house or not, Maude was certainly not much startled by his appearance at her elbow. When she heard his footsteps she turned and met him in the most unembarrassed manner, although perhaps the memory of a certain talk with her father, and possibly the consciousness that they were under the paternal eye, made her a little more distant and reserved than she might otherwise have been.

"Welcome back again to us, Mr. Childersleigh; how very good of you coming so soon to 'The Cedars.'"

Hugh's soul was instantly in arms against what he chose to consider a chilling reception and formal address.

"Thanks, Miss Childersleigh. You can't tell how gratifying it is to me to find you all so affectionate and unchanged. The warmth of your father's welcome was overpowering."

Maude looked more hurt than offended as she answered quietly,

"My father is so seldom laid up, that it is no wonder sickness ruffles him a little. Then that wretched business of Miss Childersleigh has distressed us all. If he has vexed you, you ought to forgive him his irritation for its cause; there is no one he takes deeper interest in than you."

"Yes; nothing could be kinder than the candour with which he spoke his mind, and the frankness with which he told me of my shortcomings. Perhaps the season was

something ill-chosen, but then an interest that takes that shape is so rare. Pray don't hesitate to give me a similar proof of your friendship."

"You are unjust to him, and misconstrue me wantonly, Hugh — Mr. Childersleigh, I mean — unless, indeed, it is your intention to insult me. When did I ever intrude advice upon you? Have I ever given you reason to think I should choose a time like this to say unpleasant things?"

"Be sure I am only too grateful for the consideration that induces you to withhold your lecture."

"If you are resolved to misinterpret all I say, of course I can't help it. I have no right to judge you, and no wish to do it. You have been hardly treated, I know; but if I were to tell you I was very, very sorry, you would answer with a sneer."

They sauntered side by side in silence; Maude swinging her hat by the ribbons, her eyes sunk on the gravel, her bosom swelling with a sense of injustice and a sharp struggle with her temper. Her companion, already twinged by remorse and inclining to repentance, stole a look at her from time to time, and tried hard to guess at the secrets that lay hidden under the long black lashes. He had known her always as the spoiled child of her family, queening it there much as she pleased, and felt he had severely tried a nature at no time of the most lamb-like. When he might have looked for a storm, her temper had only come in a fitful puff that had stilled at once, and now there was a dead calm. A reason there must be for a phenomenon so strange. Hopes came fluttering up; more than ever he regretted his ill-humour, and longed to atone it. Then since the afternoon of the day before he had utterly lost his head, and been driving about the very creature of impulse — impulse the more uncontrollable that his self-command was generally so strong. Now, as the awkwardness of the silence grew into pain, in his recklessness he felt a something stronger than he constraining him to cap his follies. Anything less like his true self, or more counter to all his grave resolutions, could hardly be conceived, but words seemed to outstrip ideas, and, scarcely conscious of what he said, he spoke: "Take the right to judge me, then, dearest Maude. I have often fancied you might one day give me something more than friendship, and this I know, that you are the only living being to whom I would come for sympathy."

The moment the words were said he would have given the world to recall them. Maude may possibly have rehearsed some

such scene before, and we have her own word for it, given to her father, that her rôle was arranged beforehand. Whether Hugh might have stolen an advantage, and tricked her out of a different answer had he come to her a suppliant, and found her in a melting mood, we know not; but had he plotted to make failure certain, assuredly he could not have gone more craftily to work than by thus approaching her in half-assured victory.

The girl fired at once to the insinuation that he had her at his beck and call; perhaps resented it the more keenly that it had a touch of truth, and her answer came promptly, and without the shadow of a tremor.

"You must forgive me, Mr. Childersleigh, if I decline to accept the right you offer so generously — and abruptly. Your language would hardly lead me to suppose that you set much value on my sympathy, but you have it, whatever it may be worth."

The idea that his own childish precipitation had drawn its only possible answer — that he had courted inevitable humiliation — that he had given Maude the right to despise him as a pitiful adventurer who came grovelling and whining to her feet, in the teeth of dignity and decency — all stung him to the quick. His first impulse was to curse the treacherous coquetry that, as he told himself, had lured him on to the avowal. Then, in a revulsion of fairer feeling, he turned his anger on himself, for adding injury to injury, by blaming Maude for a show of common feeling to an old friend. He felt, in the circumstances, the unlucky interview could not be brought too quickly to a conclusion, and that the best atonement he could make was to be gone at once. With a violent effort, he said, with tolerable calm, — "Forgive me, Maude, and farewell. I have been wrong from first to last, and you could not have spoken otherwise."

Without waiting for a reply he turned away. If he lingered a little in the hopes that one might come, he lingered in vain; and the best Maude could do with her feelings was to prevent them venting themselves in bitter words.

"I thought things could hardly be worse with me than they were," he muttered to himself as he strode down the hill from the house; "but it only wanted this, and now that I'm in the vein for a little friendly talk, I'll drive to Hestercombe House, and get my interview over with his lordship."

But his lordship had gone down to Rushbrook that morning by the ten o'clock ex-

press, leaving neither letter nor message for Mr. Childersleigh.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. CHILDERSLEIGH FINDS A TRAINER.

RABELAIS' *mauvais quart d'heure* becomes an evil one indeed, when you set yourself to overhaul the bills and rake up the memories that register the indiscretions of a lifetime. The ghosts of long-forgotten follies come flitting round you, and repentance is only sincere when it is too late. Then if your purse has been emptying itself in the meantime, until the small change that remains barely suffices the demands of the hour, you seem likely to buy your Barmecide feasts and desserts of the apples of Sodom with many a meal of bread and water, not to say, husks from the swine-trough.

Hugh Childersleigh sat in his room, bending moodily over a table covered with papers. As he laboured at making out a balance on the sheet before him, his features lengthened visibly with the growing column of figures on the debit side. It is astounding the series of surprises that await the man extravagant in his habits and careless in his accounts, when for once in his life he sets himself to puzzle out his liabilities. That bill of Poole's that has been running years longer than he dreamed, that other of Dusautoy's he was so sure had been settled long before. After all the money he had fooled away in the Rue de la Paix and on the Quai des Bergues with Parisian and Genevese jewellers, he cannot conceive how these men in Bond Street and Brook Street can have run their accounts so far and so fast. Yet each item as he scans it verifies itself unpleasantly, linking itself to some little episode of folly. Then there are the pair of Westley Richards he bought three years before, and parted with at the end of the season—deadly as they proved—for a later improvement in breech-loaders: there is the rifle he got rid of only to replace it with a worse one, because, after missing three stags clean, and hitting another well behind, he chose to condemn it as too straight in the stock. There is the mail Phaeton and the Tartar; the harness and saddlery—boots—breeches—and sheaves of wine-bills from wine-merchants who charge unconscionable prices for unlimited credit.

Reminders like these, although representing nothing insignificant in the aggregate, were among the least formidable of the demons that Childersleigh's investigation evoked from that tin box into which

for years back he had tossed indiscriminately everything relating to business. True, with but a single exception, he had not to deal with any of those outlying bits of venomous stamped papers, which, accumulating liabilities in a geometrical progression, go to work on a man's fortunes as swiftly and surely as an army of white ants saps the foundations of a house in the tropics. He had had his mother's money to cut on and come again. When Miss Childersleigh's supplies and his own dwindling income ran out, so far he had been prudent that he had regulated his pace on what he assumed to be tolerably reasonable expectations. Having always hitherto, in case of the worst, found money at call, he had never been driven to borrow on usury. He had sought to eke out the wrecks of his revenues by investing in securities more or less perilously speculative; but how much he had sold out, or how these investments generally stood, he had scarcely informed himself for more than a twelvemonth. Times he knew had been excellent in the City, and now, while he was staggered by the swelling aggregate of his debts, he bolstered himself up with the prospect of a good round sum on the other side. A complication of calls, sales, transfers from one security to another must assuredly have muddled his understanding, for he found a deficiency that fell thousands below the lowest sum his hopes had counted on. Again and again he checked off the figures, and time after time he brought out the same uncompromising and unsatisfactory results. They were inconceivable but indisputable. Without the legacy accruing from Miss Childersleigh he would have stood actually to the bad: with it, he had some eighteen or nineteen thousands he could call his own.

He dropped into a chair before the empty fireplace, his brows crumpling in profound thought. "It's a small sum to grow into a quarter of a million in three years, but on every account the trial must be made. Nothing for me now but hope and hard work, and utter change of life. I'll see everything put straight at once, find out to a shilling how I stand and what I've got to look to. Hemprigge's the man to clear up things for me; he's sharp and quick and secesy incarnate. Then he knows something of my affairs already, and as there's no use whatever in shilly-shallying, I'll write him at once and see him to-morrow."

Mr. Robert Hemprigge's chambers were on a first floor in Sackville Street, over Kaltwasser's the German tailor, with whom he had certain financial relations. There

was a good deal of mystery about Mr. Hemprigge altogether; his earliest antecedents were lost in impenetrable haze, and there might fairly be a question as to what was his present profession. All that those who cared to interest themselves in the subject could learn, was that he had nursed his talents in Mr. Rivington's office, and only left it to set up on his own account, and that although he was not believed to have one single relation in the world, he had floated off, to all appearance very fairly supplied with capital—capital his business imperatively demanded. He wrote himself solicitor, but his practice lay mainly along the bypaths of the profession. In certain branches of the law he had all facts, authorities, and precedents at his finger-ends; and few men, for example, were more profoundly versed in all that appertained to the insolvent courts or concerned attachments on civil process. Not that he practiced in Basinghall Street or often figured personally in its precincts; but his work lay a good deal with a set of clients whose mode of living entailed involuntary acquaintance with the statutes in bankruptcy, and whose habit of blindly outrunning the constable was continually landing them in social quagmires, where they could only be extricated by judicious counsels. Neither could Mr. Hemprigge be properly termed a money-lender, although pecuniary advances figured largely among his transactions. If none of his clients had been heard to grumble at the moderation of his terms, yet *en revanche*, he absolutely set his face against lending on securities that were rotten, even at usury the most seductive. He knew that character was capital, and with the hope of a long life before him had no idea of having his name mixed up in questionable transactions, or of prematurely killing the goose that he meant to supply his table regularly with golden eggs.

He was a dark, dapper little gentleman, somewhere about thirty, although looking considerably older. In dress, he was always at least abreast of the latest fashion, — often somewhat in advance of it. On the special morning when we make his acquaintance, in his low-cut white vest, wide-lapelled blue morning-coat, linked by a single button far below the waist, and set off with a snowy sprig of myosotis, with his profusion of pin, stud, and watch-chain, his artistically-cut peach-coloured trousers, and lacquered high-heeled boots, he looked anything but austere professional. But, man of fashion as he dressed, Mr. Hemprigge kept his bright black eye riveted unblinkingly on the main chance; and now, at half-

past nine, having deposited his glossy hat and lavender gloves on a side-table, he disposed himself methodically to open his letters. One or two he flung below the table; one or two more he glanced at, and carefully laid aside. But it was the last he chanced to take up that interested him the most. It was the note written by our friend Childersleigh the night before, and simply ran:—

Albany, Thursday.

DEAR SIR,—I have some business I am anxious you should take in hand for me at once. If I hear nothing to the contrary, I shall be with you at eleven to-morrow to talk it over.—

Very truly yours,

HUGH CHILDERSLEIGH.

Hemprigge's face brightened as, rubbing his hands, he chuckled out in great glee, "Sooner than I hoped, and ten times better than I expected." Then he took from a drawer in his writing-table a morocco-bound ledger, whose patent lock yielded to the gold key that hung to his watch-chain. The volume contained a list of clients alphabetically indexed. Each name headed a page or pages, and was the text for notes more or less full. The facts they were pregnant with would have equally surprised and disgusted the subjects of the biographies, and might have made them set Mr. Hemprigge down as in league with Satan, or, at the very least, the detective police. Those that were dedicated to Childersleigh were exceptionally ample, and Hemprigge, it seemed, was especially well read in them, for he merely ran eye and finger down the leaves as if to make sure that no points had escaped his attention; then, pending the hour of the appointment, tried with indifferent success to address himself to other business.

Mr. Hemprigge's suite of chambers was not extensive, and although a good deal of money passed through his bankers one way or another, his staff limited itself to a clerk and an errand-boy. The rooms consisted of a front one, consecrated to himself, one behind, to which he relegated his clerk, and a den devoted to the boy. The first was handsomely, not to say showily, furnished in walnut-wood and green morocco. Like those in a dentist's operating-room, the elbow-chairs arranged for the use of clients were miracles of ease. The writing-table, with its countless drawers, had received commendation at an industrial exhibition as a triumph of Viennese carving. The client's boot buried itself well over the sole in the rich pile of a Turkey carpet; the whole place had that air of business made easy that

smacks of the quack rather than the regular practitioner. That the business transacted in it was often strictly confidential might be divined from the heavy swing-doors that backed up the ordinary ones communicating with the passage and the clerk's room. Childersleigh had originally heard of Hemprigge in Rivington's office, and subsequently had been introduced to him professionally by his cousin Rushbrook, who not unfrequently stood in need of the services of "a financial agent." But his own dealings in Sackville Street had been confined very much to turf commissions left with Hemprigge during his absence from England, or the arranging of an occasional advance on securities personal or not strictly negotiable.

It was into this luxurious apartment that Childersleigh was ushered on the morning in question, and Mr. Hemprigge's greeting was deferentially warm.

"Good-morning, Mr. Childersleigh. I heard you were in town, and, to tell the truth, had been looking for the honour of a visit."

"How do you do, Hemprigge? Yes, I'm here on family affairs, and I've got some rather delicate business I want arranged with as little delay as possible."

"Whatever it is, I need hardly say you may rely on its having my best attention."

"I make no doubt of it, and of course, I take it for granted that all that passes between us is in the strictest confidence. The truth is, unpleasant circumstances have occurred, and —"

"Forgive me, Mr. Childersleigh, but perhaps it will be the shortest way, and save some little trouble, if I tell you how much of your affairs I know already. You can correct me where I am wrong, or add anything you choose to my story. In consideration of the circumstances, I trust you will excuse my frankness, but I am right, am I not, in thinking that in place of finding yourself unconditionally heir to Miss Childersleigh, you have a legacy of 20,000*l.*, the option of using the house in Harley Street, and the remainder of the property on certain conditions?"

"Really I am at a loss to understand —"

"How I came to learn all this. But it is true, is it not? You must pardon me, Mr. Childersleigh, if I have found means of anticipating your intended disclosures. But, in my way of business, knowledge is both power and profit to me, and the better informed I am the more helpful can I be to my clients."

Childersleigh shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, however you came by it, in this case the knowledge is perfectly accurate. You know the extravagant conditions of the will, but, however wild they are, it is my fixed purpose to try to satisfy them."

"Difficult conditions assuredly — by no means wild or, at least, extravagant, if you will allow me to say so much."

"Briefly then, if they are to be fulfilled at all, it must be done out of England; so it seems to me at least. What I want you to do is to examine into all the papers I shall leave with you, balance my accounts, realize my investments, pay my debts, and finally let me know precisely how I stand, and that as soon as possible, for time is money to me, and I long to be at work. As I make it out, I am disgusted to find myself actually a thousand or two to the bad."

"Without the legacy?"

"Without the legacy, of course."

"And without parting with Childersleigh?"

"Certainly without parting with Childersleigh."

"I should say, were you to dispose of Childersleigh in building-lots, — the park is never likely to sell better than now. You can't raise another shilling on mortgage; but if you were to throw it into the market, the Land Companies would be after it, like sharks swarming round a bait. I'd undertake they should run it up, so as to put 10,000*l.* in your pocket; and then there's the furniture — the plate — the pictures."

"I don't mean to sell a foot of it; not in the meantime at least."

"Good! and in my opinion you're quite right, if you'll let me say so. Now may I ask if your proposed confidence in me extends to your schemes for the future?"

"They're vague enough as yet, since I only began to shape them yesterday, and mad enough, as most people would say. But when you've only a small stake to play to win a big one, it's no use pottering over your game."

"None in the world."

"Well, there's only one way I can see to give me even a chance; and with it there's a chance, and that's all. The odds against me are what you please, but you must not forget I play to win some dozen times my stake. In short, what I think of, is plunging on mining ventures in Nevada or Colorado. I know the country, and I've often thought before that, if I had nothing else to look to, the life would suit me well. Putting the end out of the question, I should enjoy the excitement of the game. Fortunes have been made there and will be made again, and it's just on the cards that one of

them may come my way. Go there with capital, prospect a good claim and the thing's done."

"The thing's been done no doubt, but for one that makes a fortune a hundred make a miss."

"Nothing venture, nothing win. I start by saying I play a desperate game. I'm sick of England, and, after all, missing the money, I hedge for the excitement."

"In the first place, I don't admit your game's a desperate one at all. On the contrary, if you listen to me, I'm vain enough to think I can prove that you may play it on velvet and play it at home. You may miss Miss Childersleigh's money, it's true; although I don't for a moment believe you need. But if the worst come to the worst, you shall have excitement enough in all conscience, and the absolute certainty of winning something handsome into the bargain."

"I've told you the way I thought of going to work; but, as I say, as yet I've settled nothing. Show me a better by all means."

"Then I don't see why you should go abroad on what, to be frank, seems a wild-goose chase after the precious metals, when you can find them at home in heaps, lying ready to your hand."

"Where?"

"Why, in the City here, within an eighteenpenny cab-fare of the room we sit in. Never were such times as the times that are, except those that are to come. At this moment a man who has energy and brains, as well as position, has positively the winning cards forced into his hands, with nothing to do but play them down. There's an absolute glut of money, and a perfect flush of credit: shoals of investors with their pockets running over, only waiting and praying for some one to show them where to empty them to the best advantage."

"In that case, Hemprigge, may I ask why you don't —?"

"Why I don't cut in and win myself? Why, simply because, although I may think I have the energy, and perhaps the brains, I want the position, and position's the one essential to the alchemy that turns brass to gold. Look here, Mr. Childersleigh: for my own sake I mean to be perfectly open with you, so I'll break through my habits and repay confidence with candour. For years past I've sat watching for an opening, waiting for a backer—a partner—a patron, call it what you will. No need wasting breath in telling you I look to making my fortune with yours; and be sure, after

waiting so long, I fear failure too much to risk it rashly. I could have found men with names, and I could have found men of business, but perhaps I pushed caution to fastidiousness. Our intercourse, slight as it has been, has convinced me that you have the talent for it all, although, to tell the whole truth, few of the gentlemen I have the honour of acting for, have shown themselves more careless in business matters. That I come to you with the offer shows that in saying so I don't flatter you."

Childersleigh was impressed by the air of conviction and unconscious patronage in Hemprigge's manner to the full as much as by his words. He rose and walked to the window. The other eyed him with the half-excited, half-complacent look of the angler who feels his salmon is securely hooked, and that the fish, although he may sulk a bit at first, is sure, bar accidents, to come to land.

"Have you any particular scheme in view, Hemprigge?"

"As I've begun by making a clean breast of it, Mr. Childersleigh, I may as well go on. My idea is a credit company. Once well afloat, and that I don't doubt of, if I can only persuade you to lend us your shoulder, the risks in these times ought to be nothing at all, the profits pretty nearly what you like to fix them at. Chairman, Mr. Childersleigh of Childersleigh. We put up a banker or a peer for the vice. Robert Hemprigge, Esq., I should suggest as managing director. With you showing the way, we shall only have to pick and choose among the men who press in to follow. Time and exertions of chairman and board remunerated by fixed salary and commission. The Stock Exchange and the public flock in to bear us out and make their fortunes with our own. Shares rising like mercury in the dog-days, and standing at cent. per cent. premium. New issues. Companies financed and floated with *their* shares commanding fabulous premiums, the first refusal of them to our board and our shareholders. Now, Mr. Childersleigh, isn't that an easier way to wealth than the one that lies across the Atlantic, over the Rocky Mountains, and through the passes of the Sierra Nevada?"

"But we are travelling it a little too fast, aren't we, Mr. Hemprigge? Baiting for capital, is it not a mistake to take a pauper for your chairman? Any one who cares to inquire into my circumstances, will find out all about Miss Childersleigh throwing me over, and even exaggerate the grief she's left me in."

"Pardon me again; but has she thrown

you over? She has left you her whole fortune absolutely, on certain conditions—a magnificent contingent asset at the worst. You go to reside in her house, and that alone means unlimited credit. Then no one is in the secret as to how deeply Childersleigh is dipped; but every one knows suburban properties to be immensely valuable; and so far as the world is at all the wiser, you are a man of large independent fortune. I'm sure you always lived as if you were; and thus all the money you have sunk in extravagance turns out an excellent investment, one that will yield you handsome interest from this day forward. You know every one and every one knows you. Your name will puff the scheme in Belgravia and St. James's, and it's a tower of strength in the city as well."

"I've nothing whatever to do with the City House, as you are aware."

"I am, but who else? To the east of St. Paul's, a Childersleigh's name is like a Rothschild's, a fortune in itself."

"Once for all, Hemprigge, and before going further, let us fairly understand each other. Nothing in the world shall induce me to do anything bordering on the dishonourable—not for Miss Childersleigh's money ten times told. I'll be no decoy-duck to lead fools into ruin."

"I've far too much respect for my own reputation, Mr. Childersleigh, to say nothing of regard for my own safety, to suggest to you anything in the slightest degree dishonourable; and what's more, all principle apart, I'm persuaded that honesty is our only sensible policy. The weak point in most of these schemes is, that the directors bite themselves in trying to bite the public. I intend that anything we found shall be built so strong as to outlast us both. But everything of the sort must necessarily be a question of credit as well as cash; and, after all, what's credit in its legitimate expansion but a mere trading on other people's fancies. Your credit is sound and excellent, as I have had the honour of showing you, but the world is distrustful. Thus if it believes you connected with the house in Lombard Street, it will only be travelling to a right conclusion by a wrong road, that's all."

"Then I should certainly never commit myself to liabilities unless I saw a certainty of acquitting myself of them in any case."

"That you need not do. We feel our way, making sure of each step of our ground as we go, and then, depend upon it, there's no risk of finding ourselves floundering out of our depths. Remember, too, as to your private means, to ease your con-

science, that if the worst should come to the worst, Childersleigh and its fittings are good for some 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.*"

"But about accepting a post of responsibility in a great company, without business habits or training? As my powers are now, signing a cheque is about their limit, I should say."

"As limited companies go, it is not in the least essential that you should know anything more, Mr. Childersleigh, as you may see by glancing over the *Joint Stock Directory*, unless indeed a man means to make a grand *coup* as you do. But I repeat, I should never have spoken as I have were I not convinced that in half-a-dozen of months you would have all you need to know at your finger-ends. If I did not believe you had talent—ay, I'll call it genius—for the work, be sure I should never have come to you. For myself, I may venture to say I know all the ropes in the City, and the men who hold them, too, as well as most people; and so indeed I ought, for I've been studying them for years back with a view to this very thing. I don't want to hurry you to a decision, Mr. Childersleigh; take your time. But I know you're not the man to hesitate when you've once weighed thoroughly all that is to be said for and against, and I confess I shall be anxious to have your answer."

"I'll bring it you by this time to-morrow, I promise you; meantime, be it understood, I pledge myself to nothing whatever."

"Good! I ask nothing more than that you think it well over. The more you think of it the less likely are you to go prospecting among bears, roughs, and Indians, while you have veins of surface-gold at home only waiting the working."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CREDIT FONCIER AND MOBILIER OF TURKEY (LIMITED).

THE oftener Hugh turned over in his mind that idea of Mr. Hemprigge's, the more he found to fascinate him in it. Not the least of its seductions was the consciousness that its mere contemplation had already given a new zest to his life, opening him up fresh interests. It promised at once to distract his mind from idle regrets, and to fill, with an object that would bring all his powers and energies into play, the void left by his disappointment. Then there was an omen of success in the very quartering himself in that dull, old mansion in Harley Street. Instead of running away with a vague threat

of returning victorious — a threat in which no one would believe — he set his foot down to fight his battle on the very ground he meant to win. And his present relations with Sir Basil went some way towards recommending the plan. He thought the banker had used him badly; and, although he wished the old man no positive harm, yet there seemed poetical and appropriate justice in carrying the war into the enemy's own country, and charging as a free lance into the very city of the Childersleighs.

He knew Sir Basil to hold in orthodox hatred limited liability in every shape: all the financing that smacked of the revolutionary school; and, above all, the levathan financiers and mushroom *nouveaux riches* themselves. Sir Basil regarded their principles as vicious, and their practice as pestilential. He disliked them as dwarfing respectable, hereditary businesses and detested them as taking the wind out of old-fashioned sails. Although the *clientèle* of Childersleighs' was one that suffered as little as any by the growth of this heterodox competition, yet it had not gone entirely unscathed; and besides, it is but human nature to lose your pleasure in modest gains, when you see reckless rivals sweeping up profits by armfuls. Although the head of Childersleighs' never showed more demonstratively dignified than now that his house's ascendancy became daily more questionable, yet there was mortification implied in the growing aggressiveness of his demeanour. It would mix fresh bitter in the cup if the head of his family carried its honoured name over to the hostile camp, and sullied its lustre among the dregs that in these latter days were floating on the surface of the City. If considerations like these were unchristian and censurable, it may be fairly owned Sir Basil ought to bear his share of their blame.

Then for the chance of success. Hugh felt a scheme might be shaped which should give fair promise of it, and he was resolved to launch out on nothing that was unlikely to get safe to port. Hitherto he had had little reason to trouble himself about Hemprigge's principles, and now that he came to think them over, he hesitated in coming to a conclusion, but, be they what they might, he had great faith in his own shrewdness, and knowledge of men and things. Then Hemprigge was a man who, with all his professional deference of manner, knew that it was simple wisdom to speak on subjects on which he was at home with an unassuming authority that would not be denied, and he had the knack of inspiring his listeners with at least a fair idea

of his value. Hugh felt, too, there was high compliment implied in the offer being made him at all, and the consciousness that he had been soundly judged upon grounds inconceivably slight made him the more persuaded of the solicitor's astuteness.

"Mr. Hemprigge deceives himself on one point, however, I suspect," he said to himself, "and he may find a master where he sought an intelligent tool, although, if the struggle came soon, and on details where he is at home and I all abroad, he will have more in his favour than I like to think of."

Perhaps what pleased him least was the idea that the tacit partnership, in which Hemprigge at first would figure almost as a patron, must throw them necessarily into friendly or even familiar contact. Regarded as an intimate, everything about Hemprigge — mind, matter, even dress — jarred on him, almost to repugnance. But, as he comforted himself, "Trade, as well as poverty, throws one with strange bedfellows, and one good thing is that Hemprigge is quite sharp enough to take a hint when it suits his purpose. If I can't manage to keep him in his place without giving him good reason to be huffed, why, he may take what liberties he likes — that's all!"

Meanwhile, the course of Mr. Hemprigge's reflections had followed those of Mr. Childersleigh, with a precision that did great honour to his acuteness, and had the latter gentleman been in the secret of the former's thoughts, he would have had both hopes and fears proportionately strengthened. Hemprigge had quite made up his mind that the answer to his proposition would be favourable, and as he had deliberately satisfied himself of the value of his ally beforehand, it might have been supposed he would have been highly gratified. So he was in the main, but very similar doubts troubled him to those that disturbed Childersleigh, and he questioned the docility of his coveted acquisition. He felt something like the man who has made prize of a half-broken elephant; the animal may prove most valuable if he can only keep it in hand, but then it is just as likely as not to break away, and trample its keeper under foot. However, it was after mature thought he had decided that he would not have a puppet for his nominal chief, and ignorance of business in its practical workings must for a time surely keep Hugh in leading-strings. For a greater or less share of influence over him in the future, Hemprigge relied on those resources of his own in which, with some reason, he placed very considerable faith.

No sooner was Hugh's mind made up than

his brain was working. While he determined from the first to be guided implicitly by Hemprigge's superior knowledge in all matters of pure detail, he was equally decided to have his say in the general arrangements. Hemprigge's experience was essential to float the scheme, his own broader views and more extensive information should have full play in fixing the direction of the voyage.

"Nothing like beginning as you mean to go on; I shall start by showing him a will of my own, while I make it equally clear it is always amenable to reason, and I ask nothing better than to concede the same to him."

Accordingly he despatched a note to Sackville Street, simply intimating his consent, and proposing a quiet dinner that evening in his rooms with a view to talking matters over.

During the meal and while the silent Sams was pervading the apartment, the conversation ran on anything but the subject that was engrossing the thoughts of both. Childersleigh knew his intelligent domestic, and was aware that—with his curiosity stimulated by the singular circumstance of his master dining *tele-tete* with so unwonted a guest,—he would make himself all ears for the occasion. But at last the dessert was on the table and the gentlemen were left to their wine, and Childersleigh pushed the decanters across to Hemprigge. That gentleman deliberately filled a bumper of claret and raising it in his hand, observed smilingly to his entertainer,—"Well, Mr. Childersleigh, do we drink success to the grand enterprise?"

"By all means, Hemprigge—provisionally. You see I accustom myself to joint-stock jargon already," and he placed marked emphasis on the "provisionally."

"You'll think in it by-and-by I foresee. If you only buckle to the work, you're not a man to do things by halves. Then here's prosperity to the embryo giant, and before he's three years old, may he have worked out the terms of the will, and made your fortune and mine and many another person's."

"Thanks, Hemprigge, and now to talk seriously. Have you thought as yet where this mine of ours is to open—at home or abroad—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Australasia?"

"The world is before us, and not a quarter of it, where the profits on judicious enterprise may not be enormous. As you may suppose, I have ideas of my own, for I have been long thinking of the subject, but before indicating them I should very much like to have any impressions of yours."

Hemprigge thought this a civil thing to say, by way of prelude to the disclosure of his own well-weighed scheme, but he was less gratified than surprised when Childersleigh took him promptly at his word.

"As you may suppose, on notice so short, I can only speak very generally, but I have my notion on the subject too, and one, I believe, at least worth the talking over. Not that it is a freak of fancy of the morning either. On the contrary it is an old dream of mine, although one I certainly never contemplated realizing in person."

"Where do we go then, Mr. Childersleigh?"

"If you ask me, my answer is—to Turkey. I've been pretty often at Constantinople in my time, and from all I've seen and heard there, I believe there's no such country in the world for turning over capital. Every one sings the same song, and you never hear a discordant note except from some fool who's burned his fingers. Men of the embassies, correspondents of the press, shopkeepers in Pera, merchants in Galata, Greeks of the Fanar; at the table-d'hôte at Misseri's, the whist-tables of the club, the boats on the Bosphorus,—Armenians, Turks, Jews and infidels all tell the same story. From the Sultan on the throne to the Hamal in the wharf, every one is hard up, and what is more to our purpose, many of them have valid security of some sort to offer. All over the kingdom, we give fresh facilities to commerce, new impulses to agriculture. We undersell the native money-lender, and as money-lending goes hand-in-hand with philanthropy, you may pick and choose your loans on land at fifteen to twenty per cent. from the Iron Gates down to the Sulina mouth in a country far richer and safer than Tipperary. Not a fig-tree in Syria or a mulberry in Asia Minor, but you may advance on it half as much again, and have the owner bless your charity when he brings your interest. As fast as you can handle it, you turn over your money in freights of grain from Galatz and Ibraila, on consignments of Hungarian horses, Transylvanian oxen, and Bulgarian fowls, not to speak of pawnbroking in the capital, when you take half the jewels of the place into your strong box, and hold them security for any terms you like to make. In discounting: Anywhere from Brusa to Bagdad the ball is at your feet, and you can kick it where you please. You cut out the Armenian saraffs, gentlemen who, as I know to my cost, think nothing of six per cent. a month on unexceptionable security. In short, Hemprigge, it's more than a field that opens to us there, it is a

province with no limits but the horizon. Work it as we please, we shall never see a tenth of it under cultivation in our day."

As Hemprigge listened to Hugh's animated exposition of his views, it needed all his self-control to prevent his betraying feelings he much preferred keeping to himself. As he listened, his last lingering hopes of holding his companion in leading-strings faded away, and for the moment it was but indifferent consolation to find him a better man than he had believed. Then, although the coincidence of choice was a strong tribute to the intelligence of each and to the probabilities of their enterprise succeeding, yet for the moment he felt piqued by it. However, with a strong effort he mastered himself, as he took a paper from his pocket, and handed it over to Hugh with a smile.

"Our wits have jumped, you see, Mr. Childersleigh, or rather yours have, for I can at best only claim credit for coming by patient thought and careful calculation to the conclusion your genius has reached at a bound. I waive compliments, or I'd tell you how proud I feel of my own penetration in fathoming you. This is a memorandum of a few facts and figures, and as you'll see, it embodies your precise idea, sketching in outline a credit company for Turkey. But you have given me new light, I confess, and fresh hope. Remark too, except a single bank whose line of business hardly crosses ours, we have not to face a single competitor worth the name. You're the Napoleon of finance, Mr. Childersleigh, and intuition has told you the very point to move on to secure a triumph. Moreover, and it's a thing I did not know before: you're a man of speech as well as thought and action. I think I see you now, firing an enthusiastic meeting of shareholders at the 'London Tavern,' with the rare gift that brings eloquence to bear on common things. The best of it all is, that you not only speak well but know what you're speaking about; and let me tell you, there are not many chairmen of my acquaintance good for the one and the other. You'll not only win the confidence of your constituents but you'll deserve it."

As he warmed up Mr. Hemprigge really came to speak as he thought, although at first, it had been an effort to him; but he had far too much tact to continue in a strain of flattery. Having once for all expressed in so many words the high opinion he had formed of his colleague's capacity, he subsided into the hard-headed, practical man of business, fell back on facts and figures, criticizing, cavilling, discussing, objecting, and assenting. Far into the morning the

two sat talking of their scheme, till night grew to day, and the candles paled before the morning sun. Not for long had Childersleigh found the time fly so fast, and as he returned from ushering Hemprigge out, he almost smiled as he thought of the man who a short day or two before had fancied himself half-ruined and nearly desperate.

That night's talk put things in train, and from that time forward the allies understood each other. A fortnight later and the *Crédit Foncier et Mobilier de Turkey* (Limited) took the City by storm. And not the City alone, for simultaneously it introduced itself to the world in the advertising columns of half the local and provincial journals that chanced to make their appearance that Saturday morning, from John O'Groats to the Lizard, from the North Foreland to Valentia Bay.

"Nothing like being abreast of the spirit of the age," said Hemprigge; "and of giving all the world the offer of places in our *El Dorado*. There is no fear whatever of our placing the shares, but to place them all in town here, is like setting up a mast without the shrouds and the stays. It may stand through fine weather, but every gust of distrust shakes it, and in storm and panic it goes by the board. Now in each man you get to interest himself in the company over the country, it finds a new point of support, to say nothing of making him an agent of the company in spite of himself."

Meanwhile there was a *Provisional Board*, as solid as the prospectus was seductive. Framed of a choice assortment of timber, home and foreign, each plank was obviously sound to the core, or at least none showed any flaws on the surface.

Governor, Mr. Childersleigh of Childersleigh: representative of an old and very wealthy Surrey family; understood, moreover, to have recently inherited the vast fortune of a relative, and known to be closely connected with the great Lombard Banking House, if not, as some people said, the sleeping partner, holding much the largest interest in it. We are substantial enough to go in for pomp and circumstance as well, Hemprigge had urged. Christen our chairman "Governor," make a Coat of the Board, and with a stroke or two of the pen we dazzle the masses in claiming the reversion to opulence untold.

Deputy-Governor, the Lord Rushbrook, — that was a fancy of Hugh's, and we shall have to resort later to the story of its conversion into a fact. Then each of the twelve directors could boast a name world-renowned in some world or other of his own. There was Sir Ralph Palliser, ex-first secre-

tary of legation at the Porte, and who ought, as he always said, had it not been for a sudden change of Government, to have been made Minister there at the same time he was banished in that capacity to Teheran by a back-stair intrigue in Downing Street. There was Houssein Pacha, Ottoman by birth, infidel by creed, in politics exponent of the most advanced ideas of young Turkey, and of late years resident in the Chaussée d'Antin. There was Aristides Mavromichalis, once consul at Salonika, well known in the Levant trade and to skippers trading up "the arches," now managing director of the London house that bore his name. Hemprigge had found means of persuading the Greeks to come forward emulously to support his scheme, and they were represented by members of three of their leading firms; a powerful, albeit a dangerous element they were, as no one knew better than he.

"Where three men like Mavromichalis, Andreas, and Theologos go, especially anywhere in the East, enough of their nation will follow to send our shares to a premium, if no one else applied for a single one. The worst is, it's an amiable weakness of theirs to sign for each other, so long as a pen or a bit of stamped paper is to be had for the borrowing, and if we don't look out, they may make us crowd more sail than we can easily strike in a squall. But if we can only use them without letting them abuse us, the Greek interest is worth gold untold to us."

A Schwartzchild, one of the great Jew bullion-brokers, sat for his people, and Englishmen of unimpeachable respectability and position, although taken from many different classes, made up the rest. Rolf-ganger, an old college chum of Childersleigh's, whose family had come from the north in the days of the Confessor, and who still lived unennobled on the lands with which the Saint King had gifted his formidable ancestor. Marxby, the contractor, Childersleigh's tenant. Budger, whose wide tan-yards scented half Bermondsey, and whose vast palace, with its gilded bartizans and countless weathercocks rose towering high above the dwarfed mansions of Park Lane. The Lord Albert Delacour, son of the most noble the Marquis of St. James', who had just sold out of the Rifle Brigade, and wanted a pursuit. McAlpine, chief of the sept of McAlpine, an ancient Highland chieftain and Indian civilian, whose adhesion drew the confidence of a wide circle of safe, steady-going friends. Two or three members of mercantile firms of name and fame made up the rest; and

Mr. Hemprigge, the Governor's right-hand man, whose practical intelligence, as all allowed, was only equalled by his unflagging energy, was the managing director. Capital, 6,000,000*l.* in 120,000 shares of 50*l.* each. First issue 60,000, 2*l.* to be paid on application, 3*l.* more on allotment. Only 15*l.* intended to be called up. A certain number of shares to be reserved for applicants in Constantinople and Smyrna.

All the advantages we have heard Childersleigh broach, in his unpremeditated eloquence over the social board, were duly set forth in the prospectus — and some more as well. He exhibited the power, and what is rarer still, the tact of composition in the document that was to be distributed so widely through moneyed circles, a document on whose wording so very much might depend. His first impulse, and it had been that of the hard-headed Hemprigge too, had been to cast it in the vulgar style of the similar appeals that day by day filled long columns of the daily press; to take advantage of the scene of their proposed operations; to revel in a luxuriance of Oriental imagery, dazzle the investing public with a page from the *Arabian Nights*, open to them blazing vistas, leading straight to Aladdin's caves and valleys of diamonds, and scent the lines of the prospectus with Sabæan odours breathing of the spices that heaped the bazaars of Bussora and Bagdad. But their second thoughts were colder and wiser, and their fruit a very model of chaste simplicity of diction, comprehensive yet condensed, resting cursorily, although with emphasis, on each point that could address itself to the intellect of the well-informed, while indicating vaguely but seductively, for the benefit of impulsive speculators hasting to be rich, the vast contingent profits that floated towards their coffers. Seldom has a maiden author been able to boast a success more unequivocal, as vouched by the material approval of the most competent critics. Among the writers of the earliest letters of application, were men who seemed the least likely in the world to chase wills-o'-the-wisp. The letters showered in from all quarters, but from no persons more freely than wise men of the East, those most conversant with its commerce, and best fitted to estimate its resources.

There was a perfect furore among the leaders of the Levant trade, and in the houses of call where Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Orientals generally most do congregate. Not a man of them but recognized that the company had found the key

of a field that must yield large return on the lightest cultivation, and to say nothing of the manifesto, the names of the promoters seemed guarantee sufficient that they knew how to go to work. The letter-boxes in the temporary offices in New Broad Street were overgorged with letters, and fast as these were emptied on the tables within, they filled again. Not a director but found his individual correspondence swell a hundredfold, by notes from dear friends imploring his influence. No wonder; the shares were already at three-and-a-half premium and steadily on the rise, and each letter of allotment would represent a handful of coin or a bundle of bank-notes, as the case might be.

But a few days before and the Governor of the Honourable Company had had gloomy forebodings of social annihilation; now he found that he not only remained a person of consequence, but had grown into a Personage. In possession of the looked-for inheritance, he might have gone on for years to come ranking with men like himself, the fading butterflies of fashion. All of a sudden he figured a patron for clients to court; a gold-dispenser who could drag others after him along that path to fortune he had had the genius to discover and the firmness to tread. The bell and the knocker at his room are never still for an instant. From early dawn to dewless eve, ceaseless showers of cards fell on his table, while note-bearers in smug black, sumptuous liveries, powdered hair, shoulder-knots, spotless tops, buttons, made *queue* in his little anteroom. Scarcely a visitor but left a *douceur* in the hands of the radiant Sams, who announced his master's absence in the City, and dwelt on his endless engagements there in terms through which there pierced a carefully studied amount of sympathy with the caller's disappointment. So far as growing into a capitalist went, the man was anticipating his master. Sams' heaviest care was how to break to the Governor his ambition of becoming a participant in the enterprise. No fear now that friends would find the sun shine strong in their eyes as they met Childersleigh in St. James's Street, or that shortsighted individuals would let their eye-glasses go tumbling about their waistcoats as they encountered him in his clubs. He might have been a *préfet* in the chief town of his department to judge by the number of respectful and affectionate greetings that welcomed him without, go where he would, while within doors listeners grouped themselves round him to pick up what words of wisdom might fall from his lips on matters of politics or finance. Had

he been Premier, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Governor of the Bank of England, all in one, his audiences could scarcely have been more deferentially attentive. His friends in the clubs became embarrassingly confidential and even affectionate; bachelors striving to carry him by a *coup d'audace* for a *tete-à-tete* meal; men with families and daughters to marry sent him the most shamelessly short invitations to dinner. While involving himself in a diplomatic reserve, and taking especial care not to become too common, or make his wisdom too cheap, he was studiously affable to all. It was a part of his new profession, he liked it, and he went into it heart and soul. He took a cynical pleasure in watching the play of meanness all around him, in waiting to see the cloven foot peep out in quarters the most unlikely. For even those who had incomes far greater than they ever spent, who would not have risked a shilling in anything speculative on the chance of its returning them hundreds, even they became insensibly more civil and even deferential. Had his wary old relation not denied him matrimony as a stepping-stone to his wealth, and had he chosen to capitalize his affections, he might have struck while the iron was hot and taken a much shorter cut to the heritage. People seemed to think he conferred a lustre on trade by embarking in it. Certainly he found that trade conferred a lustre on him. As for Hemprigge, he began to forget doubts and jealousies, as these bright signs of success multiplied and grew clearer, and became absolutely refulgent with complacency as he marked the unexpectedly brilliant business *début* of his formidable *protégé*. But to Hemprigge's mind the appointment to the office of Deputy-Governor had been by no means so unexceptionable.

"You ought to have a title for the place," he had said when they first discussed it; "or perhaps better still, a safe man from one of the great private banking firms."

"Then we're shut up to the title as it seems to me," Hugh had replied. "I can't fancy you will ever persuade a man of high business position to consent to play second fiddle to a novice."

"Perhaps you may be right, and in any case it would be a perpetual struggle for the lead if he did, so a title be it. What a pity it is you couldn't persuade your uncle to let us have his name."

"We might as well ask for the Archbishop of Canterbury's, not that it signifies much, for if we did have the name, he'd insist on imposing his presence as well, and a more pig-headed old gentleman, when he

once gets mixed up in other people's affairs, no man need wish to meet with. He was my guardian, so I ought to know. No, his lordship would be incubus enough to sink the most buoyant scheme that ever floated. But as it's idle talking of him, what do you say to his son?"

"To Lord Rushbrook, — why I echo your words! It's idle talking of him. He hates the very sound of business. His only recommendation to us would be that he has not the slightest turn for it, and to be sure that's the sort of man we want for the vice-chair."

"Just what I think. Rushbrook's name will sound well enough. I fancy it would go down with the public, and I answer for his not giving us much trouble at the Board."

"He never has a stray shilling to bless himself with."

"Every one knows he's heir to one of the finest properties in England, and of course you can find him any money he may want."

"Oh yes, so far as that goes, there'd be no difficulty. He's never done himself or the property any harm to speak of, and if his father won't help him he can have anything he pleases on post-obits. I don't believe he's got a morsel of paper out, that isn't in that safe you see there, or with Devereux round the corner. He's always a year or so in advance of his income, but it's never much worse: he's not a man to waste the cake that's coming to him. There are scores far harder up than he, who would be quite unexceptionable. Only you see, when a name's been hacked about one way or another —"

"Yes, I see; but you can't have everything, and on the whole I doubt if we find a man to suit us better. Name one by all means if you can; I'm open to conviction."

As Hemprigge could not name one, he consented that Childersleigh should use his influence with his cousin, with the less reluctance that he was pretty well persuaded of the fruitlessness of the attempt. Childersleigh thought differently, and moreover he had his personal reasons for trying. He liked his cousin and his uncle too, and was the last man in the world to wish to injure the one or the other. But he was still smarting under the cavalier treatment he had received at the hands of Lord Hestercombe, and he longed to mete out to him something of vengeance akin to what he destined for Sir Basil. Should he prevail on Rushbrook to accept the deputy-governorship, he firmly believed he would be doing a real service to his cousin, while he knew at the same time he would horribly

ruffle the aristocratic prejudices of his uncle. In general, Lord Hestercombe spoke of commerce and commercial men with the most studied respect, but in the depths of his heart he held them a distinct and inferior caste, and occasionally his real feelings would betray themselves. Doubtless he would regard it as a degradation to see a scapegrace nephew fall back on trade for a livelihood, but the son and heir of the Rushbrooks — that would be ignominy! Childersleigh still looked at things through the smoke that rose from his smouldering passions, and perhaps honestly persuaded himself his questionable conduct was on the whole praiseworthy.

"Rushbrook's career has been very much a reflection of my own," he argued, "except that he can find a way out of his money worries when he pleases. I give him an occupation, and an interest in life, and one that puts the money in his purse he so sorely needs. I do my best to stop him burning his candle at both ends, and if I blow it out, sooner or later his father must be very grateful to me."

And the following brief note was the result of a good deal of thought:—

DEAR RUSHBROOK,—I write taking it for granted you are bored, and that the only interest life offers you is the finding money for it. If so, this letter should be welcome, for it offers you a distraction in the first place, and funds in the second. If, by a miracle, you should be, for the moment, in want of neither, I know it is needless to tell you to take no trouble about answering me. If, on the contrary, it reaches you in a happy — or unhappy — hour, you may find a descent on the "Albany" repay you. — Ever your affectionate cousin,

HUGH CHILDERSLEIGH.

Childersleigh knew his cousin pretty well, and in addressing him in these mysterious terms, and appealing at once to his acquisitiveness, restlessness, and curiosity, he had gone discreetly to work. The letter reached Rushbrook one morning when the heir-apparent was dawdling listlessly through his toilette, casting melancholy glances at the sheets of rain a bitter wind was driving on his windows. Its contents gave him a fillip for the day, an appetite for breakfast, an impulse that sent him to the station in time for an early train. Once in town, he drove straight to the "Albany," thence he was directed by Sams to "Doodle's," and in that club he found the man he sought, sole tenant of the writing-room, scribbling away hard, a waste-paper basket on one side, a rapidly growing pile of letters on the other.

Some months had passed since they had

met; a good deal had happened in the interval, and although the two were excellent friends, neither of the men were demonstrative. Rushbrook lounged quietly in, seated himself at the opposite side of the table, and, as Hugh looked up, nodded across it in friendly fashion.

"Glad to see you in such good condition, Hugh. I thought you'd be shaken after a cropper like yours, but you seem to have gathered yourself together already, and to be going all the better for it. I never happened to see you at work before. I suppose a sensation of any sort does one good, eh?"

"Of course it does. One wants rousing a bit now and then."

"I don't doubt it, but then I should have thought you were shaken more than a bit, old fellow. It may do a fellow good once in a way, I daresay, that sort of thing; but it's a violent remedy, and I should be shy of having it tried on myself."

And Rushbrook looked at his cousin with a good deal of admiration.

"I don't deserve much credit; as luck would have it, I found myself on my legs before I had well slipped down."

Then Hugh related the eventful history of the last few days, and gave the interpretation of the letter. The other heard him to an end, with a face lighting up with increasing amusement, and when he had done, Rushbrook's laughing lips seemed to have pursed themselves up for a whistle. At last they relaxed, and he spoke:—

"Upon my word, Hugh, it's a very happy idea you've got there, and I congratulate you upon it. With that superb audacity of yours, I see no reason why you should not go very far indeed, as the French say. I don't wish to be personal, or I should express a hope that the capital embarked in the scheme may be more tangible than the business experience contributed by the Governor. But you should remember that the horse that may carry one well, will infallibly break down with two. Why, you and I getting up together, and charging into the City on the backs of our long-eared shareholders, would be like a couple of mediæval tailors passing themselves off for a pair of Knights of the Temple. I

don't think very much of the wisdom of the world; still, I should like to know who on earth you expect to mount us. Capital six millions! Ha! ha! ha! capital, indeed! I know I was amazingly hard driven last week to find six hundred."

Hugh smiled with unimpaired good-humour, and handed him over a memorandum in answer. "You see there is some excuse for the fools parting with their money. All these shares are applied for in advance, and there are few better names in the City than the applicants', as you'd know if you ever went east of Temple Bar."

Then Hugh set himself patiently and persuasively to explain their prospects, hinting modestly at his own newly-discovered capacity for the task he had undertaken. Rushbrook, who had a pretty clear head of his own, and, indeed, enjoyed at Tattersall's the reputation of making as good a book as most of the subscribers, listened to him attentively.

"Well," he observed, when the other had come to an end, "I must say, Hugh, in one way you relieve my mind of a very considerable weight. It's absurd to talk of revolutionary tendencies in a nation whose shrewdest men of business make such case of their hereditary legislators. And only fancy the governor's face—I don't mean yours—when he hears of his son in the control of millions. What an infidel he must be if, after that, he continues to doubt of the caution and consideration that inaugurate joint-stock enterprise. I tell you, Hugh, were it only for the chance of telling him that the son he has been pleased to abuse as a scapegrace, enjoys the unbounded confidence of the monetary world, I should think it a crime to refuse your handsome offer. So I accept. How little can we foresee the splendid destinies a discreet Providence reserves for us, and how very little did I dream when I tumbled out of bed this morning with an overdue bill and an overdrawn banker's account, that I should return to it a commercial prince, and a magnate of finance!"

In this spirit did Lord Rushbrook accept the grave responsibilities tendered him in the name of the *Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of Turkey (Limited)*.

It has just come to light that in an old barn in one of the villages of New Jersey is a valuable collection of books and manuscripts, formerly forming a part of the library of Mahlon Dick-

son, an American statesman. They are all in the possession of the rats, and of a man who will not let them be touched because of some family quarrel about property.

From Saint Pauls.

AN AUTUMN IDYLL.

"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."
SPENSER: *Prothalamion*.

LAWRENCE. FRANK. JACK.

LAWRENCE.

HERE, where the beach nuts drop among the
grasses.

Push the boat in, and throw the rope ashore.
Jack, hand me out the claret and the glasses;
Here let us sit. We landed here before.

FRANK.

Jack's undecided. Say, formose puer,
Bent in a dream above the "water wan,"
Shall we row higher for the reeds are fewer,
There by the pollards, where you see the
swan?

JACK.

Hist! That's a pike. Look,—nose against
the river,
Gaunt as a wolf, with scarce a fin astir.
Enter a gudgeon. Snap,—a gulp, a shiver;—
Exit the gudgeon. Let us anchor here.

FRANK (*in the grass*).

Jove, what a day! Black Care upon the crup-
per,
Nods at his post, and slumbers in the sun;
Half of Theocritus, with a touch of Tupper,
Churns in my head. The frenzy has begun.

LAWRENCE.

Sing to us then. Damosetas singing verses,
Much out of tune, will edify the rooks.

FRANK.

Sing you again. So musical a Thyrsis
Surely will draw the fish upon the hooks.

JACK.

Sing while you may. The beard of manhood
still is
Faint on your cheeks, but I, alas, am old.
Doubtless you still believe in Amaryllis;—
Sing me of Her, whose name may not be told.

FRANK.

Listen, O Thames. His budding beard is ripier,
Say—by a week. Well, Lawrence, shall we
sing?

LAWRENCE.

Yes, if you will. But ere I play the piper,
Let him declare the prize he has to bring.

JACK.

Hear then, my shepherds. Lo, to him ac-
counted
First in the song, a Pipe I will impart;
This, my Belovèd, marvellously mounted,
Amber and foam, a miracle of art.

LAWRENCE.

Lordly the gift. O Muse of many numbers,
Grant me a soft alliterative song.

FRANK.

Me too, O Muse. And if the umpire slumbers,
Sting him with gnats a summer evening
long.

LAWRENCE.

Not in a cot, begarlanded of spiders,
Not where the brook traditionally purls;
No, in the Row, supreme among the riders,
Seek I the gem,—the paragon of girls.

FRANK.

Not in the maze and wilderness of mortar,
Not in the sham and stucco of a square,—
No, on a June-lawn sloping to the water,
Stands she I honour, eminently fair.

LAWRENCE.

Dark-haired is mine, with splendid tresses
plaited
Back from the brows, imperially curled;
Calm as a grand, far-looking Caryatid
Holding a roof that covers in a world.

FRANK.

Dark haired is mine, with breezy ripples swing-
ing
Loose as a vine-branch blowing in the morn;
Eyes like the morning, mouth forever singing,
Blithe as a bird, new risen from the corn.

LAWRENCE.

Best is the song with music interwoven:
Mine's a musician,—quivers to the heart,—
Throbs to the gathered grieving of Beethoven,
Sways to the light coquetting of Mozart.

FRANK.

Best? You should hear mine trilling out a
ballad,
Queen at a pic-nic, leader of the glees,
Not too divine to toss you up a salad,
Great in Sir Roger danced among the trees.

LAWRENCE.

Ah, when the thick night flares with dropping
torches,
Ah, when the crush-room empties of the
swarm,
Pleasant the hand that, in the gusty porches,
Light as a snow-flake, settles on your arm.

FRANK.

Better the twilight and the cheery chatting,—
Better the far, forgotten garden-seat,
Where one may lie, and watch the fingers tat-
tling,
Lounging with Bran or Bevis at her feet.

LAWRENCE.

All worship mine. Her purity doth hedge her
Round with so delicate divinity, that men,
Stained to the soul with money-bag and ledger,
Bend to the goddess, manifest again.

FRANK.

None worship mine. But some, I fancy, love
her,
Cynics to boot. I know the children run

Seeing her come, for nought that I discover,
Save that she brings the summer and the
sun.

LAWRENCE.

Mine is a Lady, beautiful and queenly,
Crowned with a sweet, continual control,
Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely,
E'en to her own nobility of soul.

FRANK.

Mine is a Woman, kindly beyond measure,
Fearless in praising, faltering in blame;
Simply devoted to other people's pleasure,
Jack's sister Florence,—now you know her
name.

LAWRENCE.

"Jack's sister Florence!" Never, Francis,
never.

Jack, do you hear! Why, it was she I
meant.

She like the country! Ah, she's far too clever,—

FRANK.

There you are wrong. I knew her down in
Kent.

LAWRENCE.

You'll get a sun-stroke, standing with your
head bare.

Sorry to differ. Jack,—the word's with you.

FRANK.

How is it, Umpire? Though the motto's
threadbare,

"*Cœlum non animus*" is, I take it, true.

JACK.

"*Souvent Femme varie*," as a rule is truer,
Flattered, I'm sure,—but both of you ro-
mance.

Happy to further suit of either wooer,
Merely observing—you haven't got a chance.

LAWRENCE.

Yes. But the pipe—

FRANK.

The pipe is what we care for,—

JACK.

Well, in this case, I scarcely need explain,
Judgment of mine were indiscreet, and there-
fore,—

Peace to you both. The pipe I shall retain.

A. D.

FEMALE PHYSIQUE. — We have been led to make these remarks by the discovery that an attempt is being made to provide muscles for women, or, more correctly speaking, to teach them to use those which they possess—to give them a means of healthful exercise which, we trust, they will adopt; and we may then expect to see fewer pale faces and emaciated figures than at present. It may be said that no such means are wanting, that women in the higher grades of life have ample opportunities of taking all requisite exercise. Perhaps so; but do they use them? No. The false system in our establishments for female education inculcates in them early in life such a habit of bodily indolence that they cannot shake it off upon arriving at years of maturity. To many even a short walk is a task, and the majority, what exercise do they take beyond perhaps the stereotyped "constitutional" ride in the "Row," which soon becomes so monotonous as to afford as little diversion to the body as the mind? Such being the case, we cannot but express our pleasure in hearing that at last an amusement has been devised which will give our ladies not only a healthful exercise, but much pleasure. Let us see of what this exercise consists, premising that, as our readers are probably aware, on the Continent things are very different. There are to be found numerous gymnasiums in which women are trained to all kinds of athletic sports—where we find fair damsels of all ages, in elegant and suitable costumes, disporting themselves in dozens, under

the superintendence of a trainer or a traineress. But surely you would not advocate the introduction of such a system in this country? we can hear the shocked English *materfamilias* say. The idea of any modest woman being dressed in knickerbockers and twisting herself into all kinds of positions in a gymnasium! Bah! it is disgusting! And why! we ask. Is there anything half so horrible in a woman being dressed appropriately, and going through a "movement drill" which will bring into healthful play every muscle of her body, give a bloom to her cheeks, and develop the beauties of her form, as in her going to any one of our theatres to view unblushingly the nakedness of modern ballets, and listening to the barely-covered indecency of modern dramas? We know we shall be called heretics. We know the "proper young woman" of the day will read this article with abhorrence, but we also know that we are working in a good cause, and that the day will come ere long when even the greatest prude will go to her drill as regularly as nowadays she does to her studies. Then, and not until then, shall we see that most pernicious of all fashions, tight-lacing, receive its death-blow. Englishwomen will then see what a fearful deformity a small waist really is. The practice of athletics will soon teach them what the human form should be, and they will learn to appreciate the beauty of nature far more than they now admire the deformity of fashion. — *The Britannia*.

SECOND PART—IN ENGLAND.

CONTAINING THE EVENTS OF TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

I.

THE reader has now made the acquaintance of at least one of the *dramatis personæ* of this history. It is the object of the second part of the Introduction to make him more or less acquainted with most of the others, and also, to some extent, with a certain English town with which they had much to do.

The town is called Denethorp, and is one of a numerous class of places that have been ruined by railways. Once upon a time it was not a mere country town like any other country town. As far back as the reign of Elizabeth it had been famous for its manufacture of woollen fabrics, and its weavers and clothiers formed a privileged class, and were a real power in the land. The curious may still see, in the office of its clerk of the peace, two or three charters, of various degrees of antiquity, conferring upon the place various strange, valueless, and impolitic rights and immunities. For a long time its prosperity continued. Machines became invented and improved; and one of the most celebrated inventors and improvers was a Denethorp man. Then the place improved also. Mills began to be built on every side; new settlers came from a distance; and, what with strikes and machine-breaking, the Recorder of the day began to find his hands quite full. But, when machinery began to be applied to locomotion, and when the country began to find out that the goods which formed the staple of the place were more easily and cheaply obtained from the north than from the south-west, the prosperity of the place simply collapsed, never to be restored. It is difficult now to see what use is fulfilled by its existence, except to provide the neighboring parishes with a market for the purpose of selling corn by sample.

It was here, then, in this little town, that, in the days of its modest prosperity, and before those of its vain ambition, "the Doctor," as he was called by neighbours, or Mr. Warden, as they should have called him, was sitting with his young wife in the parlour of his newly-furnished brick house that stood in the outskirts of the town, and that had a sort of prescriptive right to be the house of the doctor for the time being. He was a young man who had not long since come from Redchester, and had paid money for his practice in Denethorp. It was upon the strength of that practice that he had taken a wife.

Young as he was — he could not well be more than thirty — the most unskilled ob-

server could not have taken him for anything but a country doctor of a well-known but not of the highest type. He was tall and robust, but inclined to fatness, with a red full face that told of much exposure to wind and weather, and with a little of that undefinable look about him that belongs to a man who spends a great deal of his time on horseback as part of his regular day's work. His hands were large and red, but well trimmed and cared for; and his expression — which was by nature that of a good-humoured, easy-going fellow, who would complacently take the good and ill of life, whichever might happen to turn up, without making any particular effort to secure the one or to avoid the other — had already acquired something of that unmistakable sort of artificial gravity that is peculiar to and inseparable from the profession of medicine. Women of his own rank of life, which was obviously not very high, who regarded only his number of inches, his curling brown hair, his blue eyes, his white teeth, and his round and jolly voice, were unanimous in thinking the new doctor a handsome man: and, doubtless, his plain, quiet-looking wife, the daughter of a druggist in Redchester, had been of that opinion also. With the men of the place, too, he got on famously. They set him down as a good fellow, and considered him an acquisition to the club of tradesmen that met nightly behind the bar of the King's Head. Thus, what with his personal and social advantages, his youth did not tell much against his professional prospects. Indeed, for that matter, when he first came to Denethorp its inhabitants had to exercise Hobson's choice in the selection of their physician. Patients had either to go to "the Doctor," or else to doctor themselves; and it soon became an understood thing that people must avoid being taken suddenly ill when the hounds met within the reach of a man who kept but one horse.

On the whole, it was thought by her friends that Mrs. Warden had done very well indeed for herself and her family in marrying the doctor at Denethorp. It is true that, when she and her husband had become well settled down, she found that she had to spend a good many solitary hours; but that she took as a matter of course. To spend his evenings among his acquaintances, settling the affairs of the world, the nation, and the town, until he had drunk more punch than was quite good for him, was, according to her experience, only a necessary phenomenon of the masculine nature. Her father had always done the same; so had her brothers; so had every tradesman and professional man in

her native place and, had her experience been very much wider than it was, she would have found much the same state of things everywhere throughout the kingdom. It was, at all events, a symptom of the time, of which she never complained or dreamed of complaining.

But on this particular evening it was far too cold to tempt the Doctor to turn out unnecessarily, even to go as far as the King's Head. So he contented himself with drawing his chair well in to the fire, placing his big feet on the brightly-polished fender, mixing himself a stiff tumbler of hot grog, filling his long clay pipe, and so preparing to enjoy a domestic evening with his wife, who was devoting to needle-work all the attention that she could spare from the baby.

It must not, however, be supposed that the hour was by any means late. The Doctor used to begin his evening as soon as he had dined, supposing that his patients had not kept him from home; and the church-clock had struck no more than four when he took the first sip from his glass. By the time that he had taken a second, a horn was heard, of which the well-known sound announced the arrival of the coach from Redchester.

"Poor devils of outsiders!" said the Doctor. "They must be frozen to each other's sides. Well, thank the Lord, I'm not likely to be wanted to-night."

"How is Anne Webb, Jack?"

"Oh, she can't be so unmerciful as to be confined on such a night—except to the house;" and he laughed at his own joke. "Not bad that; eh, Lorry?"

Mrs. Warden smiled, but merely out of sympathy; for anything like a joke was altogether beyond her.

"I say, Lorry," he said after a pause of some ten minutes, "this frost is a confounded shame. I meant to have had at least two days. But that's always the way when the meet's hard by and one has just a bit of spare time."

Just then the clock struck the quarter: and as this is the whole of the conversation that passed between them in the space of fifteen minutes, it may be fairly assumed that the Doctor belonged to that numerous class who are by no means so sociable at home as they are when abroad.

But he was not fated to lose his evening's gossip after all. The clock had not had time to chime another quarter when a knock at the door announced the arrival, cold as the evening was, of a young man of about the same age as the Doctor, but of a smarter and sharper appearance.

"Why, White, my boy!—well, I do call

this friendly. Hope nothing's the matter, though?"

"Nothing but cold, and that you can set right for me without going to the surgery. How snug you are in here! Have you any sisters, Mrs. Warden? Because then——"

Mrs. Warden smiled pleasantly.

"Have you looked in at the Head, White?" asked her husband.

"For a minute; but it was dull as ditch-water. There were only Willet, you know, and old Smith; and I couldn't stand that, of course. So as I knew my fire would be out, I came on to yours."

"Make yourself comfortable, then."

"I will. What's the news?"

"Oh, there's a good crop of rheumatism just now, and that sort of thing. But between you and I, the place is a bit of a sell."

"Why so?"

"One can't make much out of rheumatism. What I like are patients with gout, my boy; they're the sort to pay."

"I see."

"We're not like you lawyers; we can't make patients if they're not ready made."

"I don't know about that."

"Well, anyhow, it's a poor sort of place, only to have one good family within a dozen miles."

"The Raymonds? But then they're a dozen in themselves."

"Poor little things!" said Mrs. Warden, compassionately.

"Yes, they take a lot of physic; but then they give one a lot of trouble. Mrs. Raymond seems to think one has nothing to do, but run after her children if one of their little fingers aches. And what's the news with you?"

"With me? oh, nothing. But there's some news of one of our clients that'll interest you—and you too, Mrs. Warden."

"And what's that?"

"Old Clare's coming back."

"What!—to Earl's Dene?"

"Yes—and Miss with him."

"Then there'll be some fine doings this winter, I suppose?"

"Hm! The old gentleman's coming to be quiet, he says; and Miss must have changed from what she was if we get any fine doings out of her."

"What was she, then?"

"She wasn't down here much, you know. But she was very odd; and I don't think she and the old gentleman used to pull too well together."

"Will of her own, eh?"

"And a very queer will too. I don't believe she ever danced since she was born."

"Methodistical?"

"Proud, I should say."

"Pretty?"

"So, so. But I don't care much for that style. I think a pretty woman's one that'll let you kiss her—ha, ha, ha!"

"For shame, Mr. White!" said Mrs. Warden.

"Why, there were a lot of fellows mad about her, I know; and she'd never speak to one of 'em. And well they might be, for I don't mind saying that I'd give a round plum for her myself if I had it, and be a good many pennies the richer."

"Perhaps she did her flirting up in town?"

"She was queerer up there than down here."

"What did she do there, then?"

"I have to see the old gentleman sometimes, you know, up in London; so I've met her at dinner. I sat next a bishop once, at the last election time. I wonder who'll stand for the county now?"

"And Miss Clare?"

"Miss Anne? She talked—didn't she talk! The bishop was scared out of his seven senses, and the old gentleman got to look like a lobster—and no wonder."

"And what did she talk about?"

"Lord knows what she didn't! But she made out everything to be shams—Crown, and Lords, and Parliament, and law and all; and as to the Constitution—I can't say what she didn't say; I know she made me stare."

"But that was treason!" said the Doctor.

"And blasphemy!" said his wife.

"If I'd been her father, I'd have whipped her and packed her off to bed. I expect that's why he sent her abroad."

"Why, the devil must be in the girl," said the Doctor. "I must get up diseases of the brain before they come home, and lay in a stock of strait-waistcoats. We are to have nice neighbours, it seems."

"It must be a great trial for the poor old gentleman," said the lawyer; "and he member for the county, and a good Tory, and all. You'll have two good patients, I expect, in a day or two."

"How long has she been abroad?"

"Oh, it's some years now. It was just before those Frenchmen began to play their pranks."

"Began to? as if one didn't know what the French were, ever since—ever since one was born. A cowardly pack of vermin! I wish I had the doctoring of a few."

"Oh, John!" said Mrs. Warden.

"I do, though. I know what dose I'd

give a Frenchman. He wouldn't care to try it twice, I fancy. Ha, ha, ha!"

"What'd you give him?" asked the lawyer.

"Something that'd soon make him bring up his frogs, anyhow."

"I thought you meant you'd treat him surgically."

"So I would, too. I'd cut his frog-swallowing throat, and hang him up by his own wooden heels; and that's surgical enough, I think."

Mr. Warden was certainly beginning to get comfortable. Indeed he was getting remarkably so, when a neat-looking servant-girl entered the room with the unwelcome news—does it not always happen so?—that the Doctor was wanted.

His first words on being disturbed were about as complimentary to his patients in general as his last had been to the French nation; his next were a distinct refusal to turn out, even if the message had come from Earl's Dene itself—which was not likely, seeing that Mr. Clare was in London and Miss Clare abroad.

"But hadn't you better see who it is, John?" asked his wife, quietly.

"And who the devil is it?"

"'Tis Dick, ostler from the Head, sir. A lady's been took bad in the coach."

"Confound her! Couldn't she wait till she got to Sturfield? Well, if I must I must, I suppose. Where is she? At the Head? I daresay it's nothing."

With his wife's aid he wrapped himself up, and then, having primed himself with another stiff half-tumbler, he set off towards the market-place, accompanied by the messenger.

"What is it, do you know, Dick?"

"Not I, Doctor, nor nobody. Lady's got a genelman, as is from foreign parts, belike. Leastwise none on us can't make 'em out, not none; not even missus."

"Then, Dick, if the missus can't, nobody can."

"Right for you, Doctor. She be a sharp un!"

The King's Head was in a state of extraordinary commotion, which hardly calmed down even upon the arrival of the Doctor. The ordinary bustle consequent upon the change of horses was over; but the landlord was staring and whistling in a bewildered way, the chamber-maid was running wildly, and without an object, up and down stairs, and the sharp mistress was scolding everybody impartially, and without reason. One or two *habitués* of the parlour, whom no weather had been known to keep away for twenty years, were both talking at once

and giving all sorts of contradictory advice, to which no one listened.

The Doctor himself was seized upon by the landlady, who at once led him to an up-stairs bedroom.

He saw a woman lying upon the bed, a man, whom he guessed to be her husband, standing by her side in a state of helpless distress, and a little girl, of some three or four years of age, crying in a corner. On addressing the man, he found him to be a Frenchman; but, as neither could speak a word of the other's language, the discovery was not of much use. Turning, therefore, his attention to the woman, he saw that she was in a raging fever that would in all probability confine her to her bed for many weeks to come, even if it ever allowed her to leave it alive.

Having done what he could under the circumstances — given the landlady such directions as he thought necessary — told her not to be alarmed about the expense for a day or two — and had another glass of grog at the bar — he went straight home, and, as he always did under circumstances that at all ran out of the usual groove, consulted his wife. She, as she was apt to do, said little, but did the wisest thing that could be done. She made her husband go to bed, went to bed herself, called at the King's Head early the next morning, and then, without delay, went to see Mrs. Raymond of New Court.

II.

There have been so many good women in the world — for everybody knows or has known one, and most people know or have known more than one — that it would be unfair and invidious to say of any one woman that she was the best who ever lived. Nevertheless, had all Denethorp and all its neighbourhood been polled on the subject, it would have given an unhesitating and unanimous vote for this Mrs. Raymond. She more than supplied the want of a resident family at Earl's Dene; and if New Court had but little political influence, it had all the love and affection that Earl's Dene wanted. If she had lived beyond middle age it may safely be said that none of the complications of this history would ever have been brought about; for nothing with which she had to do was ever known to go wrong. As for her husband, he was anything but a nonentity; he was a most admirable country gentleman — and than that what higher praise can be bestowed? — but he believed in his wife as much as the rest of their world, or even more, if that had been possible. There are some

women whose husbands at their death have nothing left but to sit down and die for company; and Mrs. Raymond of New Court was one of these women.

This excellent lady lost no time in becoming acquainted with the unfortunate strangers, whom she found out to be French refugees trying to make their way to London — not because they had friends or prospects there, but just because they knew not where else to go. The child, she learned also, was not a daughter, but an orphan niece of Madame. As much through her care and kindness as through any skill of his, the Doctor's patient recovered; and there would have been no difficulty about his bill even had he made any. And then it ended in Monsieur and Madame Lefort establishing themselves in Denethorp for good and all. They could teach a great many things between them; and so they joined that large army of emigrant teachers with whom those of us who can date back the days of their instruction to the beginning of the century have so many recollections, half ludicrous, half pathetic.

At first, of course, Denethorp did not afford these two very much opening; and they had to thank their patroness for tiding them over a great many early difficulties. In acting thus towards them, the lady of New Court was no doubt mainly moved by the generosity of her heart; but she had another motive. Her little girl, her only surviving child — for, as a mother, she had been as unfortunate as she had deserved to be the reverse — was within a year or two of needing teachers, and the mother could not but feel what an admirable thing it would be to have two persons close at hand who would save her from being obliged to send her child away too soon. In a few years, too, the new prosperity of the town created a class of mill-owners' daughters with an ambition of becoming fine ladies; and a girl-school sprang up in the place which was patronized by many Redchester people. So that, ere long, the position of the foreigners considerably improved.

They were both young at the time of their arrival; and, not very long after it, Madame Lefort bore her husband a daughter, who was christened Marie. About ten years afterwards she gave her husband a second family, as it were, in the persons of a boy and a girl — in giving birth to the latter of whom she, after having been in chronic ill health for some years past, died.

Death, indeed, had been busy at Denethorp just then, and had carried away at least three of those who have been mentioned in this chapter — mentioned, appar-

ently, only that they might immediately disappear.

Not only had Madame Lefort left her husband with a young family upon his hands, but her friend Mrs. Warden and her patroness Mrs. Raymond were also no more; and Alice Raymond, the young heiress of New Court, was soon left not only motherless but fatherless also.

The latter, when Europe was once more at peace, was sent by her guardians to finish her education abroad; and, at her own request, was allowed to take with her the niece of Madame Lefort, who had always been a pet at New Court, and had to a very great extent been a sharer in the lessons and games of its heiress. Alice managed this arrangement quite as much for the sake of her own pleasure and comfort as in order to keep up her mother's kindness to the family; indeed, her affection for her playmate was that of a sister. And so now she carried her off to Paris as her companion, both in name and in fact.

Marie, however, had never been so fortunate as to have had much share in her cousin's advantages. While the two were yet mere children, and the latter was spending half her time at New Court, she was left pretty much to the companionship of the Doctor's two children. The elder girl was clever, pretty, and interesting: Marie was plain, not clever, and decidedly uninteresting. She was so quiet, so shy, and in consequence, so awkward, that she was worse than unnoticeable; and as everybody told her how stupid she was, she naturally came at last to deserve the reproach to some extent. In truth, she was not so much stupid as slow; but, as the difference between slowness and stupidity is almost always imperceptible, it is no wonder that those about her did not perceive it. Such merits as she had were negative, and were such as by their very nature draw no attention and interest no one. Two of these were merits, however, that, uninteresting and unobtrusive as they are, must be allowed to compensate for a want of those brilliant qualities with which they are so seldom combined: she had the sweetest temper in the world, and she was wholly free from the slightest taint of jealousy. She was no more jealous of the affection that every one showered upon her cousin, and gave to her so very sparingly, than the moon is jealous of the sun. She was indeed herself her cousin's warmest and devoted admirer; and the more her heroine was admired the more she herself was pleased.

As these two grew up the difference between them widened and widened, even

when approaching womanhood made Marie less absurdly shy and much less plain. Indeed, in point of looks, she became even good-looking enough to be spoken of by strangers, if they noticed her at all and her cousin was not by, as a rather pretty girl. But no one had ever said so to her face; nor was she very likely to meet with any one who would. If any such remark had been made in the hearing of any of her friends who had known her from her infancy, one and all would have stared amazed, and she would have stared the most of all. And so, when her divine cousin went away with her grand friend, Marie was quite content to stay at home with her father and her little brother and sister — to find all her serious occupation in mending, washing, and such-like pursuits — and to look for her whole amusement in strumming on the old harpsichord, and in taking gossiping walks with Laura Warden, the Doctor's daughter, who, poor girl, was plain, stupid, and uninteresting in an absolute and positive sense. It was this Laura Warden who, with her brother Mark, had been Marie's early and only playmates. Hers was indeed a dull, poor, stupid life; it scarcely contained sufficient material to feed even a quiet spirit that dreamed of nothing more.

In the course of one of these walks of theirs, the two girls, having been as far as the lodge-gates of Earl's Dene, were strolling homeward by the banks of the Grayl. It was the close of a summer day, and the country had reached the second stage of its beauty.

The Doctor's daughter was in reality the younger of the two, but she did not look so. She was not very unlike, for a girl, what her father had been in his younger days, except that, instead of being tall and stout, she was short and inclined to be stout. In other respects she had no particular figure to speak of — a round, more than rosy face, short turn-up nose, blue-grey eyes, and light curly hair. Even as the Doctor had been considered rather a handsome man by the women of Denethorp, so was she considered a pretty girl by its men. Altogether, she looked like a good-humoured country girl; and her dress was rather fine, rather slatternly, and wholly unfashionable. Marie, on the other hand, though she looked little more than a child, had in reality arrived at the advanced age of eighteen years. Her figure was neither short nor tall, but was elegant in its carriage, and that of a lady, without being so graceful as to be remarkable. Her face, which was rather of the square order, and somewhat Flemish in its complexion, and contour, wore an habitual smile that was

rather sweet than bright. Her dress, like that of her companion, had but little to do with any of the fashions of the last four years; but it was in as good taste as can well be contrived with a purse narrow to the last extreme. They were certainly not a distinguished-looking pair, and not such as would have received a second look from any ordinary pair of eyes.

The one chattered, the other listened; and, as a matter of course, the chatter had a great deal to do with "He."

"What do you think, Marie? Don't you think He is very ugly?"

"Really I haven't noticed. No — not so very."

"What a girl you are! You never notice anybody, I think."

"Oh yes, I do."

"Come, don't pretend. I'm sure Mr. Brown looked your way at church. I saw him."

"That can hardly be, Lorry, when I don't go to church."

"Oh, I forgot you were a Dissenter. Then of course he couldn't have."

"A Catholic, Lorry."

"Oh, it's all the same. I suppose it was at Mrs. Price's girls, then."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"La, Marie, how provoking you are!"

"Why?"

"Because you are. I'm sure I wouldn't look at him for the world. He's not so good-looking as that comes to. Would I?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't, if you like."

"I think even Mark's better looking — don't you?"

"Than Mr. Brown?"

"Of course — who else? Oh, Marie! look — there's a water-rat! I'd throw something at him if I had it."

"Is that because of his colour, Lorry?"

"How you do go on about Mr. Brown!" replied Laura, with delightful injustice.

"And pray who is Mr. Brown?" suddenly asked a voice behind them. "I shall be jealous if you don't take care; and then —"

Miss Laura started and turned round. "La, Mark, how you do make one jump, to be sure!" she exclaimed. Marie held out her hand, with just a little more colour in her face than before.

Not that either had the least reason to be alarmed. Mark Warden was only a manly-looking boy of an uncomfortable age, with little remarkable about him except that he was singularly unlike his sister, and that the want of likeness was entirely in his favour; for he was tall and lank, with a

thin pale face, square forehead, straight nose, strong thin lips, and sharp decided grey eyes, which were just now lit up triumphantly.

"You didn't expect to meet me, you two?" he asked. "I've got some news. Guess."

"Oh, do tell us!" exclaimed Lorry.

"You see before you, young ladies, a scholar of Saint Margaret's College, Cambridge."

"La, Mark, what in the world's that?"

"It means some one that'll be a fellow of Saint Margaret's one of these days — perhaps a bishop! What do you say to that?"

"Oh, Mark, what *do* you mean?"

So then he explained to them both his great success, with that glowing flow of spirit that is born from no success in life but the first. Both the girls caught, each in her own different way, the contagion of his triumph; and both to the full shared his interest in the immediate fact that he was no longer a schoolboy, and would be a full-blown Cambridge man in October.

"And the young squire'll be there too, I hear say," said Lorry, who was as much impressed by the fact that her brother would be with the young squire as by any part of the story.

Mark looked contemptuous, but smiled, for this meant something to him also. He did not explain to them the difference between a scholar and a fellow-commoner.

To be no longer a schoolboy! That in itself is a great thing: it is to feel that one is really a man — to feel it much more strongly, alas! than when manhood does really come, and one finds out how little it means after all. Mark at this moment had the sensation of being a new creature altogether, and he looked at the outside world with altogether new eyes. He even found out already, for instance, that feminine sympathy was a pleasant thing, especially when it flowed from one who was not his sister. Possibly it was some unconscious instinctive feeling that this was so with him that had called up the shadow of a blush upon the cheek of Marie on meeting her old tyrant and playfellow.

Besides, Mark Warden had always been, not only her tyrant, but her hero — not an unusual combination, by the way. She was by nature prone to hero-worship, and, next to her cousin, the Doctor's son held the highest place in her little social pantheon. She naturally, and as a matter of course, admired most in others the strength and talent in which she was supposed, and supposed herself, to have no part. Now Mark

Warden was not a boy of the most ordinary sort, although there are plenty of boys like him. What his character became when fully formed will appear in due course. But at present it may be said that he apparently inherited but few of his father's qualities. The Doctor used to say of his son, with pride, "Look at my son Mark; there's an old head on young shoulders for you!" His schoolfellows set him down as being a prig, and his masters held him up as the model boy, alike in point of character, of industry, and of talent. But his father, his schoolfellows, and his masters were all wrong. In such a matter the instinct of a girl, however young she may be, is infallible; and no young girl ever admires an old head on young shoulders, a prig, or a model boy. It is of the nature of a Sophia to hate a Master Blifil. In point of fact the head of Mark was to the full as young as his shoulders, and was filled, besides, with all sorts of impossible dreams: he had no real love of books; he cared not a straw for the good opinion of anybody; his talent was not brilliant; and his freedom from scrapes was simply the result of his industry, which itself was utterly against the grain of his nature.

Does this sound inconsistent? If so, it is not because it was really so. The square brow and the strong mouth, so early developed, were sure signs that the boy, young as he was, was capable of forming a purpose, and of resolutely keeping to it when it was formed. Every large school contains some such boys, though of course in an inconsiderable minority.

Now Mark, like most whom nature has rendered fit to do something in the world, was a born dreamer; and as he strolled with his rod and line along the Grayl and through the park of Earl's Dene, he felt to the full that discontent with his lot in life which every professional dreamer knows so well. His own position, his own prospects, were poor enough. His father, now that Denethorp had grown in size and in consequence, no longer in his own person represented the colleges of surgeons and physicians. The Doctor had at first flourished simply because he had had the whole field to himself; for, as may have been gathered already, he had no qualities that render success superior to accident. It is not necessary, indeed, that a country surgeon should possess the suavity and polished manners so essential to the well-doing of his *confrère* of the city. A certain roughness and bluntness is in by no means ungraceful keeping with the character; but then, if he has them not, he must have something better.

Now, while the ladies of the place, who no longer consisted of his old admirers, but to a great extent of strangers whom the mills had gathered together from various parts of the country, were disgusted with his loud and what they considered vulgar manners—for the ladies of the mills were mightily particular on the score of vulgarity—with his utter want of tact, and with the flavours of tobacco and spirits from which he was now seldom free, their husbands found out that, good fellow as he certainly was in the smoking-room and hunting-field, he was never to be found when wanted; that he took no personal interest in his cases; that he never kept an appointment with anything like punctuality; and that, from carelessness, though not from dishonesty, there was always something wrong about his bills. Besides these easily perceptible defects, his skill was not extraordinary, and his knowledge behind the time; for he never read, and saw no practice but his own, from one year's end to the other. Perhaps, on the whole, he did not kill quite so many patients as either of his two rivals, but then he certainly allowed a great many more to die.

The result of this state of things will readily be imagined; and Mark could not help comparing himself with the heir of Earl's Dene, for instance, who was scarcely so old as he, and who was yet, for no reason that his dissatisfied mind could find out, a spoiled favourite of fortune. Gradually and unconsciously, as with many another boy of lower birth and worse prospects, the idea of one day becoming rich and great became part of his very nature, and this, in due course, grew from being an unconscious idea to be a set, conscious purpose. By the time he was fourteen, he had even chosen the means. These suggested themselves to him in a sudden flash, as it were, when he happened to be in Redchester at assize time, and was told that the judge whom he saw sitting in scarlet and ermine, and heard addressed as "my lord," was now a peer of the realm, but had once swept out a shop in a country town. So he made up his mind to become a barrister—not quite so easy a step to take in those days as in these. But, for him, the best road to the bar was through a college-fellowship—his only road to the university was a scholarship—and to gain that, he must work hard at school. And so he did set himself to work hard, and thus gained his first step towards the woolstack.

But also, like most dreamers, he was reserved. He kept his schemes locked in his own breast, not because he was afraid of

ridicule, but because it was simply not his nature to make confidences. Indeed, to a certain extent, he was in the same position as Marie. There was no one about him capable of giving him sympathy, far less of aiding or directing him. His father was proud, and his sister fond, of him; but he was outside, if not above them both, and he knew it, exaggerating the distance with the conceit of his age and nature. And thus it was that, unamiable as his character may be thought, it was quite strong enough to gain the admiration of the strength-worshipping Marie.

III.

Above all things, however, let it be remembered that he was, after all, but eighteen, and that a few months of comparative idleness, after many months' very hard work, were now before him.

These two facts lead to the very germ whence this story springs.

In the very first paragraph of the first part of this introduction to it the reader received a warning. That warning is repeated here, because, in spite of what people profess, they are, in fact, perpetually craving after complete consistency of character, and are disappointed when they do not find it. Of course, verbally, and as an abstract proposition, everybody is always quite ready to admit that there is no such thing in the world, except, just possibly, in the case of consistent stupidity, and consistent obstinacy. But this creed is not held so practically as its orthodoxy deserves.

It will doubtless be gathered from this solemn opening, that the resolute and practical Mark Warden, with a by no means impossible dream of the enforced celibacy of a fellowship before him, fell under the influence of an altogether inconsistent dream, and that he indulged both these dreams simultaneously. In point of fact, youth and leisure, and sudden freedom from the fetters of hard work, are fully sufficient to account for this. But, unhappily, tellers of stories have, for the most part, combined to treat the conscious wish to marry for love as a proof of youthful unworldliness, and want of practicality. In reality, is not a proof of anything whatever. On the contrary, the most worldly, the most prudent, the most practical, are just as likely to make absurd and imprudent marriages for love as their neighbours.

In short, there is scarcely anything that a man may not do, however inconsistent it may be with his general character, without offending against the laws even of common

probability. David betrays Uriah, and yet remains the most pious of men; Hector runs away at the mere sight of Achilles, and yet remains the bravest; Nero cannot find it in his heart to sign an ordinary deathwarrant, and yet remains the most cruel; Napoleon marries his first empress for love, and yet remains the most heartless. And so, to compare very great things with very small, Mark Warden spends his holiday in falling in love with his sister's friend, without ceasing to be as ambitious, as practical, and as prudent as ever.

But more than this. When a self-willed and practical boy has made up his mind that he is in love with a woman, he is far more likely to attempt to push matters to their extreme point than if he were older, or were of a romantic and sentimental nature. And yet it must not be thought from this that the reader is going to be called upon to swallow such a monstrous notion as that one of Mark Warden's character should, even for love's sake, throw up his chances and projects, and at once burden himself with a penniless wife and her relations. However inconsistent men may be, and are, that would be too absurd.

Nevertheless, if all this be borne in mind, and if it is also remembered that, with a great amount of self-will, and a strong disposition to self-indulgence — all the stronger because it was kept under restraint — Mark Warden had always taken care to be clear of all scrapes, and to be on the safe side; that, with a determination to do everything that he wished to do, whether the object were prudent or no, he invariably chose the most prudent means of doing it; that he had quite made up his mind to become a fellow of his college, and to make Marie his wife; and if, besides this, are borne in mind the nature and disposition of Marie — her entire subjection to Mark, her intense belief in him, her complete want of any one to whom she might look for advice and rational sympathy — then it will be easy enough to account for what took place before the end of October.

It is presumably unnecessary to go step by step through the whole history of Mark Warden's first love. In its outward progress, no affair of boy and girl could be more natural or free from any but the most ordinary excitement. So delicate, intangible, and, for the most part, so unimpassioned a subject as first love, hardly falls within the coarse grasp of prose. Its very nature abhors the minute elaboration rendered necessary by any attempt to confine its subtle

spirit in the bonds of definite words and regular sentences. But still, in this particular case, there were some peculiarities that demand notice.

Now of first love there are two kinds. The first is of that kind which may be called calf-love *par excellence*, when a very young man idly fancies himself in love with the first woman outside his own familiar circle who comes to hand, be she old or young, fair or foul, marchioness or milliner; this dies out as soon as the lover has seen a second. But there is another kind, which is as strong as love's later growths, and even stronger. The first kind is almost invariably absurd. Ten to one the lady is utterly unsuited to her adorer in respect of character, position, age — in short, of everything; and a hundred to one she laughs at him into the bargain. When, however, it happens, as it does sometimes, that the love is only a development of long standing and affectionate acquaintance on both sides; when age, character, and position are all as they should be; when the girl looks up to instead of down upon her lover; and when the latter, though a boy in years, has the power of forming fixed resolves; then, though he will very probably fall out of love again, still, while he is in love, he does not love in play. Men, after all, fall out of love fully as often as boys; so the first and last love may sometimes be much the same thing in every respect.

It very seldom happens that one so young as Mark was now finds himself really looked up to by any girl or woman outside his own family. The peculiarity of his position in this respect was in itself more than enough to flatter the vanity, which he held in common with all mankind, into a very good imitation of love, even had other circumstances not brought about something much more than a mere imitation of it. There was certainly no doubt that he was now Marie's hero more than ever. As his self-confidence increased, so did her diffidence. And this feeling of hers, absurd in itself, was not altogether unreasonable by comparison. She, having seen nothing of the world, could only judge what it and its inhabitants were like from her experience of Denethorp; and she was quite right in thinking that her lover, intellectually speaking, was the best man in the place. And then, when he who was her hero told her that he loved her — her, the plain and stupid Marie — the surprise of her sudden glory was enough in itself to make her whole soul overflow in return.

To wish for a thing, and to try to get it at once, are with the Mark Wardens of the

world one and the same thing. They do not care for the pleasures of anticipation, and revel in *coups de main*. And so, with him, to wait for the end when he could seize it without having to wait for it was simply out of the question. But then his coming college career — what was he to do? Of giving up that, especially after his recent success, he was just as incapable as of waiting for Marie. Ambition and impatient love were fairly at war.

Meanwhile the days and weeks slipped by with that rapidity of flight that belongs to all things in that magical world in which both were now living. Marie developed wonderfully and in many ways under this new and strange influence. Life had come to mean something now beyond a round of mending and washing, and walking with her friend; and the whole of life was absorbed in pride and happiness.

Generally speaking, a girl of seventeen is far older than a boy of eighteen — but it was not so in this case; and instead of being mistress of the situation, she was only too willing to deliver up her whole self into his hands if he required it. Indeed, had she been less innocent than she was, the position would have been full of extreme danger for her. The relation between lovers is almost invariably of much the same character as that between a tyrant and a slave, either one way or the other; and, in this case, Marie was certainly not the tyrant. Mark could not even quarrel with her; he could not even invent the smallest cause for imaginary jealousy. If the vacation had lasted much longer, his happiness must have inevitably become tame; and Marie, to whom up to the end it was nothing but a period of the wildest and most intense excitement, would never have dreamed of keeping him up to the proper fever-heat by such artificial means as women for the most part know so well how to use.

But the vacation flew by only too quickly for both; and it was fated that before it was over she was to pass through a period of excitement indeed.

One day her impatient tyrant asked her to marry him — to marry him before the beginning of his approaching three years' absence, and to marry him secretly. He was, of course, not wholly open as to his motives for making this proposal, even to himself. But he was wholly honest in what he did say. He laid before her his great love for her; he told her how upon her depended, as he sincerely felt, the whole of his happiness; how in fact, he *must* marry her at once — an illogical but always a most powerful argument in such a case; how, on

the other hand, all his prospects in life depended upon his success at college; how he should, as he fully believed, do nothing there unless his mind and heart were at ease; how, if he felt that it was for his wife he was working, he should do everything in the world; and, lastly, how all his fine prospects would be ruined should their marriage be known to others before the end of at least three years. In a word, he argued, she would destroy him if she refused to marry him at once, and ruin him if she did not marry him secretly. Of course he urged all this in a far more lover-like manner; but this is what it all came to.

Not only was Marie singularly poor in friends, but if she had had troops of them, their united opinion would not have weighed a feather, or rather a tuft of down, against the wish of Mark. Besides, the proposal itself was made, as it were, under the seal of confession. Still she could not help feeling, in spite of her ignorance of the world's ways, that somehow she had been asked to do what was not right. She would have been content to wait for twenty years—why should not he? And so, almost to his anger, she did for once show very nearly the spirit of a mouse, and gained time to think.

But even so does the mouse gain time to think when the cat suffers her for a moment to get a few inches away from his inevitable claws. Marie did think, or rather fancied that she thought; and this was what all her thinking came to.

Self-denial was with her a habit. To please any one she loved she would willingly have jumped from the top of the church-tower; to save her lover there was absolutely nothing that she would not have done. Every word that he, in his wisdom, had said to her she believed implicitly. How or why should she not? And she could not, when she came to reason, seriously think that what he wished her to do could be really wrong. If to do what he asked her involved self-sacrifice, why, so much the better. And then, after all, to conceal what she meant to do from others would cost no effort and no shame. Her shyness, beyond the surface of which no eye but his had cared to penetrate, had grown into an artificial reserve that was none the less a part of her now for having but little to do with her real nature. No one ever caring to know her thoughts and feelings, she had acquired a habit of not telling them; and as no one ever asked her questions about what she did or where she went, she naturally assumed that no one cared. Though not self-confident she was self-sufficing; and so in

this matter too, she, as a matter of course, followed the advice of her heart.

As to how and where the ceremony that was to make them husband and wife was to be performed, there was but little real difficulty. Mark Warden was not likely to be conquered by mere details.

In Denethorp secrecy would have been impossible, and but little less in Redchester. But in the neighbouring county, some thirty miles away, was the large and important city of B—, where a man might do many more difficult things than getting married without a soul being the wiser. Mark Warden, some few weeks before the beginning of the Cambridge term, found out that he wanted a tutor for mathematics. He told his father so, who, as usual, thought that whatever his son did was all right, and who, in fact, never thought of actively interfering with his children so long as what they wanted to do did not interfere with his own momentary comfort. He therefore scarcely listened when Mark went on to say that he must find the required help at B—. Indeed he would have been much more interested had he been told that it was likely to be a wet day. As to expense, the scholarship was henceforth to cover everything for ever. He happened to have a little money by him just then; and so he gave his son a few guineas, on a sort of semi-understanding that he was never to be asked for any money again, and, if the truth were known, was not very much grieved when the house was left once more to himself and Lorry; for Mark had come to take not over-kindly to his shiftless ways and acquaintances of the bar parlour. So the future Fellow of St. Margaret's went to stay for a while in B—, and in the beginning of October, when all was arranged, sent Marie enough money to bring her there too.

Then, it is true, she felt frightened at what she was going to do; and she would have given anything to have been able to draw back. But it was certainly too late now. So, with much sinking at the heart and much confusion, she made a half-true excuse for going over to Redchester. Thence she reached B— in the forenoon; and from B— she returned home the very same evening.

Of course they had, to say the least of it, been guilty of a desperate piece of folly. But enough has now been said to show that, under the circumstances, their folly was not only natural, but almost a necessary consequence of their respective characters, and of the relation in which they respectively stood to each other and to those about them.

When the next morning came, Marie found herself half proud, half frightened, to think that she was now a wife — at least in law and in name; for what being a wife means she knew no more than two days ago. Her first unconscious feeling when she woke, was one of wonder that the world had not come to an end. She almost thought that she must have been dreaming; and she almost anxiously felt under her pillow for the ring that she was not allowed to wear. But in spite of the secret that filled her heart, the feeling with which she met her father was neither of fear nor of shame. Mark would be a great man one of these days; and, like the child she was, she looked forward to telling her father the news, when the time came to tell it, as a pleasant surprise. Her only really uncomfortable thought was, that she was not allowed to tell her friend Laura that they had become sisters. She was certainly terribly innocent.

But if her innocence had caused her to commit a great error, it had also stood her in good stead. After all,

“The surest panoply is innocence;”

and so it had been with her.

In a day or two her husband in name and in law returned, and a day or two after that he came to bid her good-bye. It was a real parting; for at that time to go to Cambridge from so distant a place as Denethorp did not mean, at least in the case of a poor man who really intended to devote himself to the work of the place, to be absent for a few weeks at a time, and then to come home for weeks or months. It meant with Mark an almost unbroken absence of three years.

To him, with all his ambition and hope, the parting was full of pain. To her it meant almost desolation. But there was no help for it; and at the last moment, as he passed her window on his way to the coach, she bravely held back her tears for a moment in order that she might give him a smile of hope and encouragement, which made his old purpose seem faint indeed. He felt that to make her happy, and not himself great, must be his purpose now.

So much at present for these. Meanwhile, it must not be forgotten that there was such a person in the world of Denethorp as Miss Clare of Earl's Dene; and this must be more especially borne in mind, as she was now, in fact, Denethorp's great lady.

With her earlier life, as has already appeared, her Denethorp subjects were not very familiar. Her mother had died soon after giving her birth, and she had been almost constantly in London with her father, and scarcely ever at her country home, for

which, being a man of pleasure and politics, he had no taste. It was generally supposed that she had refused countless offers of marriage from countless suitors, who were attracted by her wealth or beauty, or both; and it was known that at about the age of four-and-twenty she had gone abroad with her aunt, a Mrs. Lester, whose husband was something in the diplomatic service. After some years she returned home again, and then both her father and herself took up their residence at Earl's Dene, where, very soon afterwards, Mr. Clare died. She was his only child and sole heir; and by the time that she came to the property, all her vague reputation for “oddness” had entirely passed away. She was a great lady; and she evidently intended to play out her *role* of great lady to the fullest extent. So successfully did she carry out her intention, that she very soon became regarded with an almost awful reverence by all within reach of her influence, and with rebellious dislike by those with whom she, as a staunch Tory and High Church woman, had long declared open war — that is to say, by the reformers of the cloth-mills and the growing body of Dissenters. To those who acknowledged her authority she was generous and even kind; but to those who did not, she was certainly not kind, and could be very often ungenerous. She was, in fact, endowed with no little of that political asperity which has been said by a great politician to be as unbecoming to a woman as a beard. Her views about Church and State were both decided and practical, and, like the lady in *Molière*, what she wished she wished furiously.

But certainly these present views of hers would have desperately astonished those persons who remembered her youth, not in Denethorp, but in London, where it had been principally passed. These, too, had considered her odd, and with reason.

Nature had given her, beside her beautiful person, a precocious intelligence, an energetic mind, strong passions, quick feelings, a most excitable imagination, and an amount of obstinacy that, in so young a woman, was perfectly appalling. Circumstance and education had given these dangerous qualities a peculiar direction. The times in which she lived were peculiar, and she was, from her cradle, wrapped round in an atmosphere of politics. Her father lived for politics. In the circle in which he moved nothing but politics was talked from morning till night. Politics formed her whole idea of life and society. Being singularly impressible, and only too ready to take an active interest in anything that

was brought before her notice, she caught the contagion fully. But, unhappily, hers was one of those minds that are never satisfied unless they are in chronic opposition to the general or predominant views taken by the world in which they move. Of course, this love of opposition for its own sake is anything but uncommon. But, while the Lydia Languishes of her age and acquaintance were dreaming of romantic elopements with impecunious ensigns simply because their friends wished them to marry sensibly and to be well off in the world, she was bent upon saying and doing things that made everybody stare, simply because her friends wished her to live the life of a conventional fine lady, and either not to think for herself at all, or else to think as she was told. It was certainly not that she in reality liked being a fine lady less, but that she loved opposition more. Had she been a woman of real genius or genuine independence of character, she would very likely have made a name for herself; but, as it was, she only got called names by the society in which she lived, which could not comprehend how an English girl of good family could even play at holding such strange and revolutionary notions as hers.

The truth was, that, considering her character, there was nothing more strange in her holding these notions than there would have been in her holding the very opposite, had circumstances been different. She was simply wild, romantic in her own way, and ambitious of notoriety. Had her father and his set been the friends of Mr. Fox, she would, on the same principle, and with no more reason, have called herself a Tory of the extremest sort; but, as he and his friends were steady supporters of the Cabinet of that day, she was bound, in order to be in her natural state of opposition, to take up with the other extreme. Not only so, but her natural tendency to eccentricity, which, in her childhood, had led her to scorn dolls and to rebel against needlework, caused her, when she grew up, to affect a learned and philosophical contempt for the usual amusements and pursuits of her age and station. Her heroes were Washington and Lafayette; her authors, Godwin and Rousseau. She scribbled a little herself, both in wild prose and vapid verse, and even carried her speculations into regions to which a young and unmarried woman is generally supposed not to possess the key. As may easily be imagined, her father—who never had time to see very much of her, who was quite unable to control her, and who could not in the least understand her, partly, no doubt, be-

cause the greater share of her obstinacy was a part of her inheritance—was terribly annoyed, and even alarmed. It was certainly not a pleasant thing for him to hear the arguments of the "Political Justice" retailed openly at the head of his table before Cabinet Ministers; and those of the "Natural History of Religion" before Bishops. He made the grave mistake of fancying that she might make a final display of her strange form of romance by perhaps running off with some democratic adventurer, just to prove her belief in the doctrine of universal equality—that she might do worse than marry a penniless ensign, even if she cared to go through the ceremony of marriage at all. Of course, in fancying any such thing he only showed how little he understood her real character. Her republican ideas did not in the least affect her family pride, which was greater than his own. But the mistake, under the circumstances, was not unnatural; and he was accordingly only too delighted when, after many unpleasant domestic scenes, his wife's sister, Mrs. Lester, offered, for a time, to relieve him of this *enfant terrible*.

But, as has been said already, they became good friends again before he died; and woe now to any one who, in her presence, should drop a slighting word even of my Lord Castlereagh. Her opinions had changed, but not her nature. Nevertheless, with all her politics and all her narrowness, she was a very good woman in her way. She tried with all her strength to do what she thought was right, and she hated with all her soul what she thought was wrong. Doubtless she would have been a better woman still—better, at least, as a woman—had it been her lot to have had children of her own upon whom to expend some of the spare energy of her nature. She had endeavoured to supply the want by adopting, not only as her heir, but as her son, the orphan grandchild of Mrs. Lester, who was now like Mark Warden, about to proceed to Cambridge.

Certainly in every material sense the chosen heir of Earl's Dene was to be accounted one of fortune's favourites. With whatever faults or drawbacks it might have—for nothing is quite perfect—no finer place, no better estate, could well be found, out of the hands of the peerage, in all England. If, in addition to the enjoyment of its real advantages, its owner should take a fancy to have a handle to his name, he would have but to ask and to obtain. Indeed it was rather a matter of surprise in the neighbourhood that the late owner had not done so. The artist could admire it

for its beauty; the sportsman for the capabilities for sport of every sort and kind that it afforded; the politician for the member that it had as a matter of course sent to the House of Commons ever since the days of the Earls of Wendale; and everybody for the productiveness of the land and its complete freedom from serious encumbrances. But to the angler especially, who had spent a long summer day by the Grayl, and who then, after sauntering past the deer in the Lodge Park up the long avenue, and round the walks of the flower-garden,

whose fragrance was such as belongs to those gardens only that have been mellowed by time, and filled with the sweet memories of many generations of fruits and flowers, had been privileged to crown his day with the nobler fragrance of the claret, for which the cellars of Earl's Dene, in spite of frequent feminine rule, were renowned far and wide, the place would indeed seem to be a true province of the earthly paradise into which no trouble might come. And now it is time that its story should fairly begin.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Naples, Oct. 14, 1869.—Amongst the most recent discoveries at Pompeii there is one of considerable interest and altogether of a novel character. On the walls of a house of no great size and evidently belonging to persons of the poorer class, was found a view of the Amphitheatre of Pompeii, of the city walls and towers adjoining it, and of a building of considerable size, apparently depending upon the amphitheatre, the remains of which must still be under ground, and for which Fiorelli is now going to search. Although this landscape is rudely executed, and is evidently the work of a mere dauber, it represents very accurately the general features of the remains of the Amphitheatre now existing: the exterior staircases, built upon arches, leading to the upper vomitoria, the arena (the walls of which are represented as painted to imitate marble, and so they were found when first dug out), the city walls, and the towers, &c. The artist has recorded in his picture the fight between the people of Pompeii and Nucera, which commenced in the amphitheatre, and led to its being closed for ten years by Nero. Various groups of combatants are seen on the gradines of the amphitheatre, in the arena, on the walls of the city, and in the open space surrounding the building. Men are falling, wounded, and others lie dead on the ground.

In the space surrounding the amphitheatre are seen trees, and stalls protected from the sun by awnings, such as are now everywhere erected in the streets of Naples; fruit and lemonade were probably sold in them; in one is a bench exactly like those in common use with us. Men and women are seen flying from the fight which is raging, some apparently carrying away their goods.

The velarium is represented as drawn over a part of the theatre to protect the spectators from the sun. This is, I believe, the first time that a representation of this important addition to a Roman theatre has been found; but, unfortunately, owing to the ignorance of the artist of the rules of perspective, it is difficult to make

out precisely how the velarium is extended. He has drawn it as attached to the city wall, which could scarcely have been the case; and it appears to have hung in large folds, horizontally over the part of the theatre which it was intended to protect.

Unluckily the artist has taken his sketch from the side facing the entrance. Had he taken it from the opposite side, we might have had a view of Vesuvius, which would have been highly interesting as giving the form of the mountain previous to the first historical eruption.

This very curious painting is especially interesting as being, I believe, the only existing ancient view of a building, the details of which can be identified. If similar views of Rome, Pompeii, and other cities, executed by competent artists, had been preserved, they would have been invaluable. Unfortunately, sketches of this kind were made by very inferior painters, who appear to have amused themselves by daubing on the walls, whilst artists of a superior class appear to have confined themselves either to the reproduction of well-known pictures, or to the representation of the usual myths, fables, and legends.

I may mention that on the outer walls of the building adjoining the amphitheatre, and which Signr. Fiorelli believes to be a kind of dressing and bathing place for the gladiators, are represented inscriptions, such as are usually found on the houses of Pompeii, and relating to the election of municipal officers. Signr. Fiorelli expects to find the original inscriptions when he discovers the remains of the edifice. Academy.

A. H. LAYARD

GARIBALDI's long-expected work, "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," has been translated from the Italian by Mrs. Colonel Chambers, and is in the press. It will be published in a short time, simultaneously with the original.

From the Chinese Recorder.
SMALL FEET IN CHINA.

THE Tartar women do not wear small feet, but shoes with a large square piece of wood in the middle of the sole. These, likewise, appear very inconvenient; but in wet weather or muddy streets, they raise the finely-embroidered satin slipper above danger. In Peking, the Tartar element is so strong that small feet are less frequently seen than in the south. The small foot, too, is much larger here. A milder form of compression, especially among the country people, exists; the four toes being bound under the foot, without changing the direction of the heel very much. Ladies in the south desire a three-inch foot; here they are content with a seven-inch. The Chinese have naturally very small hands and feet. The proximity of the large-footed Mongols and Manchus, and the influence of the court, we have said, exert their influence here, and render possible the marriage of large-footed daughters to Manchu husbands. It is illegal for the bannermen and Chinese to intermarry, nevertheless about 20 per cent. of the former marry large-footed Chinese; but the marriage of Manchu daughters to Chinese husbands — a union not considered respectable and complimentary from a Manchu standpoint — is rare, not more, probably, than about 1 per cent. The Emperor's wives and concubines must belong to the large-footed class; in other words, must be Manchus. Women of no class beyond the above are permitted to enter the palace; and some one has said, with what degree of truth I know not, that a small-footed woman entering the palace would be put to death immediately. One of Tau-kuang's concubines, Tung-fei, out of sport, one day dressed herself in the habiliments of the small-footed class, and appeared before the Emperor. She was instantly ordered from his presence, and he refused ever to see her again. She remained in strict seclusion in the palace. It is a rule of this dynasty never to expel those who have been once admitted to the seraglio. Once in the Forbidden City, always there. The Chinese generally choose, or rather have chosen for them by their mothers or go-betweens, a small-footed woman for their first or principal wife; and they themselves add to this, by purchase or otherwise, a large-footed concubine; and *vice versa*, a Manchu with a large-footed wife, if of sufficient means to maintain more, adds the desired number of small-footed secondary wives to his stock.

Poverty and necessity sometimes lay an

interdict on this essential of all female beauty. The richer the families, the earlier in life is the compression commenced. Like the long nails, small feet convey the idea of gentility and exemption from labour. The strength of this fashion may be judged of from the very poorest striving to conform to it. Fashion leads mothers not to neglect this part of the education of their daughters, however careless in other matters. Few girls are taught to read; almost all have their feet bound. Fashion must always prevail over convenience. Women ought never to appear in public; in state affairs they neither assist by their counsel, nor disturb by their ambition; and thus, to make this maxim more observed, they are taught that small feet constitute beauty, and the mother's first care, therefore, is to make her daughter fashionable by making her a cripple.

The fashionable size is about three inches, but oftener five, and sometimes seven. The size depends upon the time when it was begun, and the regularity and tightness with which it is maintained. The bandages are never left off; for, after the standard size has been obtained, they are still retained to keep the shape, and give strength to the foot. Without them walking would be impossible; the unbound and unsupported foot is too weak to support the superincumbent weight. The feet are never encased in iron shoes, as some have thought. Simple bandages are all that are employed, and are so applied across the foot as to carry the second, third, and fourth toes, and especially the fifth toe, quite under the foot, and so to obtain the least possible breadth; and by one or two turns of a figure-of-8 bandage, the foot is shortened, the heel is brought close to the ball of the big toe, and instead of forming an angle with the leg bones, it looks more like a continuation of them. The *os calcis*, from being horizontal, becomes vertical, and its posterior surface is brought to the ground. The bones of the instep are pushed out of their proper place, and made to bulge, thus giving a great prominence, and an arched crescentic form, resembling the new moon to that part. The plantar concavity is therefore much exaggerated, and more or less filled with tough cellular tissue. The three points, then, upon which the foot rests, are the heel in its new position, the ball of great toe, and the fourth and fifth toes — their upper surface having now become part of the sole. The foot and leg are greatly atrophied, and the skin shrivelled. The leg tapers from the thigh-joint to the foot, in the form of a cone, without

the usual feminine risings and depressions, owing to the undeveloped calf; and that, again, is caused chiefly by want of exercise and proper motion to call these muscles into action. Were it from atrophy entirely, we should expect the limb to grow from bad to worse till it was entirely destroyed. The knee and ankle joints do not bend; all movement is from the thigh joint; the gait is mincing, with the arms slinging from side to side, and the body never straight or steady. They walk or stand, one might say, on their heels; and yet, from the nature of the shoe, with the heel one or two inches higher than the toes, they may be said to walk on their toes.

From the Correspondent of Daily News.
A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

THE ascent and the exploration of the interior of the Great Pyramid occupy some hours—not necessarily, but that haste would be repugnant and superfluous. Their vastness requires time for its comprehension. The blank feeling you succumb to, and which you mistake at first for disappointment, is really the sense of awe acting upon nerves which are highly strung. In vain do you gaze upwards and sideways, and endeavour to go through the process of mental gauging. The huge masses baffle you utterly, and every expectation based on reading, or upon the oral evidence of friends, seems to have been untrustworthy. You cannot analyze, nor compare, nor pronounce any one particular to have been false. But the pyramids you see, and touch, and climb, and the pyramids as they have existed in imagination, are things utterly distinct, and no convictions or impressions concerning them are stronger than this, until you escape from their mystic glamour, and view them once more in the distance, and from the long and sandy plain leading to Sakkara. The pyramid which, as every one learns in childhood, has a base larger than the area of Lincoln's Inn-fields, is far more easily climbed than one would have thought possible. To step from block to block of stone, with a powerful Arab hold of each hand, and with a third to push you when necessary from behind, is laborious, but easy; and to rest on the roomy summit and drink in its grand expanse of view, are experiences to remember for life. When the two Arabs, either on the ascent or descent, jump different ways, their tendency is to tear you in two, or to bring your arms out by the sockets; but this is mere detail,

and the men are obliging and intelligent. That you should be bothered to have your name cut upon one of the stones; that constant reference should be made to your bearer's expectations of a liberal back-sheesh; that sounds like Euhral, and supposed to resemble an English cheer, should be given half way, and when you reach the top, are things of course. All the way up, however, we had been puzzled by allusions to "good prints," "good printings"—write, from the Arabs, to which, supposing them to refer to propositions for inscribing our names, we had persistently shaken our heads. Yielding, when on top, to repeated signs to look at some object at the further corner, we found "good prints" to mean our Prince of Wales, and his signature, "Edward, 1862-9," to be one of the popular sights of the place.

The extent of the inundations and the magnitude of the works being carried on here by the Government are taken in at a glance. Looking downwards, the black flies running to and fro on the yellow sands are Arabs completing the last portions of the road thither; the long strings of beetles harnessed in a line are camels laden with rock for its side wall; the tiny puff of smoke and the sharp report which follows comes from a blasting party bound to clear a tomb from the dust and rubbish of centuries by a certain day. The rich colour of the landscape, with its variety of browns and yellows, relieved by the brightest green; the mud villages rising out of the waters as one might imagine colonies of beavers to do on the sudden subsiding of a flood; the desert arid, endless, and with a certain rolling look like yellow water, but showing countless hills and valleys; the back of the sphinx's head, looking massive and mighty even from this height; and the groups of other pyramids to be seen miles off in the direction of our night's camping-ground are what one remembers best.

The shadows have grown long, and the afternoon comparatively cool, before we can bring ourselves to leave the vicinity of the great pyramids. The interior of the king's and queen's chambers have been explored, the tombs brought to light within the last few months have been admired in all their solidity and expanse, when our ride across the desert to Sakkara is commenced. As evening draws on, and the silent calm of the desert asserts itself, native life here, and the nature of its varieties and vicissitudes, begin to be understood. The difficulties to be mastered, and the magnitude of the work undertaken to facilitate the transport and enlarge the field of observa-

tion of the strangers arriving are comprehended. Yonder patch of dried millet-stalks is a village. Its sheik is smoking on the ground outside a larger bundle of the dried leaves and straw than the rest, and behind this division, which is exactly like one of the partitions to a farm-yard, are his children and wives. A naked black boy, a buffalo or two, some turkeys, and half a score camels, and as many men and women, are at the doors of tents, or peer at us over the upright thatch. They were swept out of their village a few weeks ago by the flood: It stood where yon cluster of palms peeps above the water, and this is their substitute for their homes. Asked whether he hopes to return soon, the sheik replies that he returns no more; that in his lifetime his village has been washed away three times, and that now, having had several of their number drowned, and wives and children left desolate, he and his people have determined to abide in the desert henceforth. Asked again by a traveller eager for statistical information whether he is heavily taxed, he politely evades the question, and says that, having nothing left in the world, he cannot pay tribute at all. He is a grave, handsome man of fifty, with an iron-gray beard, and a most dignified bearing, who insists upon our resting and taking coffee, and whose attendants refuse a gratuity on our leaving, protesting, with some of their master's dignity, that they are already under weighty obligations to the strangers for having honoured them with their presence. This simple hospitality stood out in stronger contrast from the hungry clamour of the dwellers by the pyramids, whom we had left; and when we were taken to the tent of a poor fellow whose hands and arms had been injured by an explosion of gunpowder, and asked to prescribe for him, it seemed as if the stories one has read of Arab goodness and Arab faith were fully realized. We pass another tribe of people washed out of their homes, and who are hard at work building a new village, as well as droves of camels, one with a genuine Bedouin leading it, spear in hand, and herds of goats and cattle. The colour of the distant landscape increases in softness and beauty after sundown, and when the brown villages and remote and lofty mountain range to the left are enriched by the afterglow. To the right, however, all is ugliness and desolation, the great desert stretching away in unbroken waves, or hills of sand and stones, and in no respect resembling the level plain one had been taught to look for. Darkness came on rapidly, and the shouts of one of our

party rolling with his head foremost into a mummy pit was our first intimation that we had reached the ancient Necropolis of Memphis, and were near our journey's end. The most important of the smaller series of pyramids here, built in degrees or terraces, had been our landmark as long as the light lasted; and it was near this, and by the temporary and solitary house of Mariette Bey, the French explorer, whose important discoveries are so well known, and who is still excavating for the Viceroy, that our tent was pitched. We were in the desert and with nothing round us but the bleached bones of men and camels, mummy-cloths of the sacred animals, most of which are removed to the museum at Boolah, the mutilated statues and fragments of tombs, and the eternal, endless sand.

It was singular next morning to learn from one of our party, an old resident in Egypt, how much had been done since his last visit to Sakkara a few months ago. It is now some time since the Temple of the Sacred Bull, hewn out of the solid rock, and consisting of long and lofty cloisters, with vast chambers at regular intervals, each containing a marble sarcophagus the size of a small house, was opened out by Mariette Bey. The visitor can now make its entire circuit, as well as that of many a tomb which has been hidden for centuries and has now yielded to the spirit of discovery.

From The Musical Standard.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHURCH MUSIC.

WE do not profess in the following observations to argue the why and the wherefore of a very important sign of the times; but merely mention what many will reluctantly admit to be a fact, viz., the decreasing influence of pulpit eloquence. But a very few years ago, any talented and faithful clergyman had generally the gratification of preaching to crowded and attentive audiences. Somehow this is not the rule in the present day, and whatever apologists may say to the contrary, we fear that the people, as a rule, do not go to church or chapel solely to hear sermons. The clergy themselves are fast coming to this conviction. In a far too general sense people go to the sanctuary without any defined idea or object, although a desire to be considered religiously consistent may be one governing motive. Reasonable but not excessive attention to formal religious exercises may be seen in most congregations, but for indications of earnest devotion we

must not look among Protestant worshippers. The outward signs of true worship are becoming painfully less, and consistent ministers are cognizant of the fact, as is evident by the present practice of giving to pulpit discourses a sensational tendency, as well as finding other devices for retaining the desired attractiveness and authority of the pulpit. In the opinion of many of the clergy, the people are becoming unmanageable, and although as a rule the churches are tolerably well attended, piety is questionable. This, then, is a fault to be remedied. Then there is the poorer part of our population; those almost innumerable masses who scarcely ever attend church. These and the formally religious may be influenced if the clergy can be brought to fully appreciate the importance of what—according to Old Testament authority—is undoubtedly the great mainspring of religion—music. David of old fully recognized this medium of communicating with the Almighty, when he addressed so many of his beautiful psalms to “The Chief Musician.” The influences which David found so potent still exist in all their vitality, in proof of which we need only point to the vast congregations attending the special services in St. Paul’s Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, York Minster, and other of our cathedral churches. Nay, look where we will, it will always be found that where there is complete musical service, there also will there be a crowded church, and worshippers manifesting more devotion than can be found in any church or chapel where the service is simple and monotonous.

In many English churches where full choral service has been introduced, the success has not been such as was anticipated; but in such cases it will generally be found that this want of success is attributable to carelessness, or an absence of sufficient interest in the preparation of the service by those whose duty it is to foster and encourage it. It is recorded by one incumbent who has introduced a full choral service that the effect has been very marked. The cost of the choir is about £100 a year, and the introduction of more music does not add much to the cost, the choir themselves being desirous of singing more. The taste for music is, the incumbent observes, rapidly increasing, and extending to those who are extremely sensitive as to Ritualism or Romanizing tendencies; people who have almost in the same breath expressed their approval of choral services and their strong disapproval of

Ritualistic practices. This feeling, this increasing love for music, the clergyman continues, is not shared to the same extent by the poor as by the better class; but is rapidly increasing among the poor. The choristers are young men employed in shops during the week, and boys from the schools.

Now, many clergymen are not sufficiently alive to the importance of keeping the members of their choirs interested in their work. An efficient choir will not be content to do the same service, or nearly so, for a long succession of Sundays. Such monotony is objectionable, not only to the choir, but to the congregation. If a vocalist be educated, the less likely is he or she to remain satisfied with singing dull Luther or dreary Tallis. Pride in the work is one important element in any progress to efficiency, and no one can be proud of a dull monotonous round of Anglican dum-dum hymn-tunes and unmelodious chants. The question of progress is one upon which choirs and ministers often come to rupture; the latter will too frequently act obstructively. Not being musical themselves, they fail to see the advantages of an extended *répertoire* in affording increased zest to the members of the choir, and an agreeable change to the worshipping assembly. The music of the Church bequeathed to us offers to the musician and to the clergyman one of the finest fields of study and research, and must produce the most happy results if judiciously followed up; there being such a field, it is lamentable to find any one content to go on in their accustomed dull routine, day after day, unimproving and unimproved. That the clergy do not of themselves attach due importance to the musical element of their mission is only too apparent. In the various congresses of the body the subject is but incidentally alluded to; not, we believe, from any decided objection (although a feeling of jealousy is ascribed to them), but entirely through a false reliance upon the preaching powers of the order; an error of judgment which can only be corrected by a pressure from without. However, we venture to predict that there are better days in store; the lay element must have a stronger voice in church government, and the labour of the Establishment will in time become more classified, with a view to greater efficiency. The most efficient element of usefulness will then have due prominence, and full choral service may be the rule, not the exception.

THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

A VINDICATION OF HIS COURSE DURING THE WAR.

To the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser:

BELIEVING that there are few, if any, of his countrymen, who would intentionally misunderstand the character, or do injustice to the memory, of the late George Peabody, I feel constrained to submit facts within my own knowledge, which I cannot but believe, will correct the too prevalent impression that either his sentiments or his sympathies were with the Confederate or Rebel States during the rebellion.

My acquaintance with Mr. Peabody, commencing in 1843, in London, ripened into a friendship that was only interrupted by his death. He confided to me, in 1851 (when I was again in London), the benevolent purposes which, years afterward, were so nobly carried out. I was much with him in 1861, while he was maturing his first great contribution to the poor of London. When he arrived here, in 1866, he communicated his then immature programme for the education and elevation of the Southern poor, and consulted with me in relation to suitable men for trustees. And it may be proper to say here, that the beneficent plan finally adopted, was the suggestion of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston. I passed two hours in confidential conversation with Mr. Peabody, the day before he bade adieu, for the last time, to this country. He told me what he had been doing while here, and what his intentions were on his return to England; adding, that if he was spared to come again to America, he should come a poorer man than when he left it in 1837. I mention these circumstances now only, for the purpose of showing that with the opportunities I had in London, in 1861 and 1862, of ascertaining Mr. Peabody's views, I am not likely to have formed an erroneous opinion.

I reached London in December, 1861, and called immediately, first upon our Minister, Mr. Adams, and next upon Mr. Peabody. With the latter gentleman my first interview was unsatisfactory. He opened the conversation by expressing his surprise and regret, that our country should have unnecessarily been involved in a civil war. I responded briefly, conceding that the war was a great calamity, but adding that it had been forced upon us. He inquired if the Federal Government could not have averted it? I replied that *his* inquiry opened the *whole* question, and that I would take an early occasion to satisfy him, if in my power, that the rebellion was premeditated and inevitable. He said he would be glad

to hear my views, but then it would require strong evidence to satisfy him, that wise and good men could not have prevented such an unnatural war.

The conversation was then changed to the subject which greatly exasperated the Government and people of England, viz.: the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Commissioners. Mr. Peabody, as indeed did everybody else, apprehended war, England being tenacious of any aggression or insult to her flag.

I called early the next morning at Mr. Peabody's Bank, and when he found himself at leisure, went into as clear a narrative of what preceded and occasioned the rebellion as could be condensed into a talk of twenty minutes. After alluding briefly to the attitude the State of South Carolina had held toward the Union, for full forty years, and to the co-operation of prominent statesmen from other Southern States, whose purpose had been to preserve a slave supremacy *in* the Union, or to establish a slave confederacy *out of it*, I recalled to his recollection the adjustment of the slavery question at an early day by the Missouri Compromise, showing that the South, availing itself immediately of its portion of that territory, had brought three slave States into the Union. I also reminded him of the resistance of all the slave States to the admission of California into the Union, with a Constitution prohibiting slavery; and the visit of Messrs. Stevens, Toombs, and Clingman, distinguished Whig representatives in Congress from the States of Georgia and North Carolina, to President Taylor, threatening him with a dissolution of the Union if the rights of the South were to be thus violated. I informed Mr. Peabody that I passed those gentlemen, as they were leaving the White House, and found General Taylor under the excitement occasioned by that extraordinary interview; and that General Taylor stated, both to Vice President Hamlin, then a Senator in Congress from the State of Maine, and to myself, within ten minutes after the interview, what occurred between himself and the three gentlemen whom I have named. Nothing, in my judgment, but the circumstance that General Taylor was himself a Southern man of inflexible patriotism and indomitable will, prevented a civil war then. I recalled, briefly, the Kansas conflict, its issue and consequences—consequences which destroyed the equilibrium between slave and free States. I called his attention to the fact that the census of 1860, established beyond all possible contingencies the supremacy of freedom over slavery, in Congress; and I maintained that this fact

precipitated the rebellion; and relied, as conclusive evidence of the soundness of my views, upon the subsequent fact, that the Democratic Party, with the power, confessedly, to elect a Democratic President, was thwarted by the persistent action of the Slave Delegates in their National Conventions of 1860, at Charleston and Baltimore, against the nomination of Mr. Guthrie, of Kentucky, Chief Justice Nelson, of New York, or any other candidate whose nomination would have united the Democracy of the North and the South, resulting, as both parties knew and admitted, in success. The Southern Democrats, in refusing to consent to the nomination of a Union Democrat, and in their factious support of Breckinridge, caused, as they *intended*, the election of Lincoln. This furnished them with a *pre-text* for rebellion. And although *but a pre-text*, it was found sufficient, under the education and discipline that existed, to draw the Southern people into the scheme of their infatuated leaders. I closed by calling attention to the fact, that a secession Secretary of War had, during the years 1859-60, transferred large quantities of arms and munitions from Northern to Southern arsenals and armories; and that a disloyal Secretary of the Navy had disposed of nearly all our vessels of war upon distant service in foreign countries, leaving the North equally unconscious of the great crime meditated, and unprepared for the conflict forced upon the Government.

I then admitted, what I still believe, that but for the influence of radical men at Washington, the boundaries of the rebellion might have been circumscribed; that North Carolina and Tennessee, quite as loyal, in the beginning, as Kentucky or Missouri, might have been held in the Union; that I was the bearer of a letter in December, 1860, from Mr. Lincoln to the Hon. Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, offering him a seat in the Cabinet; but which, after the rejection of the "Border State Proposition" by Congress, he declined.

Mr. Peabody listened very attentively, and replied that he now acknowledged that the side of the North was stronger than he had regarded it; that for several months his conversations had been with Americans who presented the question in a widely different aspect; that the business years of his American life, had been passed in Georgetown and Baltimore; that his sympathies, while in England, had not been with abolitionists; and that during the many years of excitement upon the subject of slavery, he had regarded the ultras of the North and the South as equally mis-

chievous; and that this view of the question had led him to regard extreme men of both sections, as enemies to the Union; but, he added, that his devotion to *our Government and Union was so strong, that, painful as was the thought of a war with our own brethren, if he were at home, he should stand by the Government, and that whatever he could do, then and there, for the Union cause, he would do cheerfully.* He then spoke of his long business relations with, and his friendship for Mr. Corcoran, the elder Mr. Riggs and his sons. Of Mr. Corcoran he spoke warmly, expressing the confident opinion that he would take no part in the rebellion. It was with and through Mr. C., he said, that he had made much of his money. He then offered to co-operate with Bishop Mellvaine and myself, in promoting the objects of our mission; and before leaving his seat he wrote a note to Sir J. Emerson Tenant, an influential British statesman which brought me an invitation to dine that day with a distinguished party of gentlemen, who were quite anxious to talk upon American questions, and not unwilling to hear and accept the truth. Sir Emerson himself was warmly our friend; and I met at his table Lord Clarence Paget, Major General Sir John Wilson, Mr. Peabody, and several members of Parliament, who inquired anxiously about our affairs; and most of whom rendered us good service afterward. On the following day Mr. Peabody introduced me to the Honorable William W. Torrens, a prominent member of Parliament, who immediately espoused our cause, both in Parliament and in the London press, to which he was an able contributor. I was indebted to Mr. Torrens for an immediate audience with Earl Russell, and for essential aid in other directions.

One source of mischief and annoyance, was in the constant perversions of telegraphic despatches from America. Information relating to our war was looked for with intense solicitude; but there was neither justice nor fairness in telegraphic reports. Rebel successes were every day magnified, and a Confederate coloring was given to all despatches. This was the subject of daily conversation at the Legation, and among the few friends of the Union, then in London. I consulted Mr. Peabody in regard to a movement for the correction of this abuse. He entered cordially into the plan, and authorized me to call upon him for what funds might be required to accomplish the object. But it was found to be impracticable; and we were compelled to submit to the wrong as long as Mr. Reuter thought

proper to pervert, distort and garble telegrams.

During our residence in London, I was every day at the banking house of Messrs. Peabody and Morgan, where I was accustomed to meet Union friends; but during the whole time, from December, 1861, to June, 1862, I never encountered a secessionist either at Mr. Peabody's bank or lodgings. And I deem this fact conclusive evidence that the imputation of Southern sympathies against Mr. Peabody, is unfounded. "Birds of a feather," if not constantly in communion, will find occasions to interchange views; but while London abounded with secessionists, there were no relations, either political, financial, or social between Mr. Peabody, or his partner, Mr. Morgan, with such men as Mr. Mason, Mr. Mann, George Saunders, &c., &c. Nor did I ever meet at the tables of Mr. Peabody or Mr. Morgan, with one exception, any but zealous Union partisans. That exception was General Ward, of Georgia, then recently our Minister to China, whose views on the whole question of secession and rebellion were so enlightened, so sensible, and so fair as to commend him to the regard and confidence of all our friends in London.

For the first two or three months our intelligence from home was anything but encouraging. The news of our first great success — the capture of Fort Donelson — was brought to my lodgings by Mr. Peabody, who received it by telegram some hours before it was publicly known. He then drove to the legation to announce the good news to Mr. Adams; but returned later in the evening with Mr. Lampson (now Sir Curtis) to meet Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Parkes, Bishop McIlvaine, Mr. Kinnaird, M. P., Mr. Torrens, M. P., Mr. I. S. Morgan, Mr. J. Bancroft Davis, &c., &c., whom the auspicious news had brought together. I know of no more unerring test of men's real sentiments and sympathies in a season of war, than their manner of receiving war news. I remember well during our war of 1812, with England, when the citizens of a village were assembled at the post office, anxiously awaiting the opening of the mail, that if the news was favorable to our arms the ultra Federalists would drop their eyes and turn sullenly away; but that when the news was disastrous, in spite of their efforts to conceal their real feelings, their countenances would light up, and they would inquire *significantly*, of Republicans, what was the news from the army! Tried by this test, Mr. Peabody's sympathies were loyal, for he voluntarily came out of his way to bring news of an important Union

victory; though he never ceased, as often as he had occasion to speak on the subject, to deplore the war.

In the attempts that were made by Confederate sympathizers in Parliament to induce a recognition of the rebel Government, and to destroy our blockade, Mr. Peabody manifested his devotion to the North by zealous efforts in our favor. He authorized me, as I have no doubt he did my colleague, Bishop McIlvaine, to call on him, whenever I thought he could be of service to our cause.

To all, and there were many English capitalists, who applied to Mr. Peabody for information relating to Confederate loans, he pronounced them worthless. And I hazard nothing in saying, that he never directly or indirectly, gave aid or comfort, encouragement, or countenance to rebel representatives or to individual rebels. That in his general conversations, deprecating the war, as was his habit, he was frequently misunderstood, I can believe; that many Americans honestly suppose that his sympathies were with the South, I can understand; but they certainly misapprehended him.

Some of Mr. Peabody's accusers discern, or think they discern, evidence of rebel sympathies in his great educational gift for the poor of the formerly slave States; but even in this they err. That money, until some time after the conclusion of the war, was intended for the City of New York. Soon after handing his check for 100,000 guineas to his London trustees, he reverted to what he had told me fifteen years earlier about his intention to do something for the industrious poor of New York, adding that as he was then a much richer man, his donation would be a much larger one; and that he intended to carry out his purpose, after his then approaching withdrawal from business. But the war and its consequences, changed his views. While the poor of the South had multiplied in numbers, the City of New York had not only been growing in wealth, had established schools, the doors of which were wide open to every child in the city, but we were also fortunate in having among our citizens several capitalists vastly richer than himself. But these circumstances, while in his thoughts, had not decided his action when he arrived, nor until he had conversed with several Northern friends, all of whom approved of the effort to educate and elevate the masses in ignorance and poverty, black and white, which pervades the whole South, and appeals so strongly to the best feelings of our nature.

Let us remember that Mr. Peabody amassed his fortune in England, and that while he gave liberally to London, he gave much more liberally to America. We enjoy the "lion's share," of his estate. England is paying honors and homage to his character and memory that were never bestowed upon any other private citizen. George Herriot endowed a hospital in Edinburgh, for which Sir Walter Scott rendered his name illustrious. George Peabody has

provided for the welfare and happiness of millions, for which England is sending home his remains as "tenderly" and with as much respect as could have been paid to one of her own monarchs. It would be painful, therefore, upon their arrival here, to find discordant notes mingling with and jarring the harmonies of an occasion which awakens alike the exalted pride and the profound sorrow of his countrymen.

THURLOW WEED.

THE 10th of November, the anniversary of Luther's birthday, was observed in Prussia as a day of prayer in all the Evangelical churches. The King's decree was as follows:

"The great movements which in our day are making themselves felt in the religious life both of nations and individuals, and are pressing forward to a decision, and the tasks they impose on the Protestant Church of our country, are apparent to all, and admonish us to entreat the support of Almighty God. It is therefore, my will that a day be set apart in the Protestant churches of my country for special prayer that God may pour out His blessing on the present important deliberations as to the constitution of our Church, and to implore Him to protect the Protestant Church from all dangers that threaten it and to strengthen the ties which unite its members to each other and to the Church universal. I have appointed the 10th of November, the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther, for this purpose, and hereby commission the Minister and the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Prussia to make the necessary arrangements.

WILHELM."

THE EAR. — Dr. A. Cousin's paper, in a recent number of a French journal, treats of injections and instillations into the ear. He considers lukewarm water the best and most innocent emollient that can be used for that delicate part. Milk, various oils, mucilaginous and narcotic decoctions, which the public believe so safe, leave organic substances behind, which, after a short stay in the meatus, begin to ferment, and thus cause fresh irritation. A little pure glycerine may be added to the water, in which it is perfectly soluble. The injection should be made with a syringe having an end large enough to prevent its penetrating too far into the meatus and hurting any part. Moreover, the liquid should go in very gently, so as not to give any violent shock to the tympanum, which, should it happen to be thin, would run the risk of rupture. On the

other hand, in order to be sure that the liquid column will penetrate to the bottom of the meatus, the latter should be kept as much as possible in a perpendicular position during the operation; a precaution of double importance when it is required to get any extraneous substance out of the ear. Many very ingenious instruments have been invented for the purpose of extracting substances from the ear, but, according to the author, they are all useless when not dangerous. The method he proposes is simple enough, and appears to answer any emergency. It is an extremely rare — perhaps an impossible case — that an extraneous body should happen to fit so exactly in the meatus as completely to obstruct its passage; it generally leaves interstices, through which water poured into the ear must necessarily penetrate to the furthestmost end. Now the liquid, so introduced, will gradually rise and exercise a pressure upon the intruder from behind, and, in a manner, set it afloat. Dr. Cousin declares he has never known an instance of this simple method to fail; but that, on the contrary, it has succeeded in cases where extraction with instruments had been tried in vain by the most dexterous hands.

For several years past Mr. C. T. Hall has been exploring the region around the North Pole, "solitary and alone." He published an account of his first explorations, and returned from his last expedition three weeks ago, bringing home a few mementoes of Sir John Franklin. He read a paper in New York a few evenings since, in which he submitted his views on the cause of auroral lights. His theory is, that the boreal display is produced by the rays of the sun, which are reflected from clouds surrounding the pole to the ice and snow of the Arctic regions, and are thence again reflected to the clouds, and so back and forth until it comes within our range of vision. The glancing and flashing of the columns of light, he declares, are caused by the motion of the clouds.